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**Art. I.** *Journal of a Route across India, through Egypt to England,*  
in the latter End of the Year 1817, and the Beginning of 1818.  
By Lieutenant Colonel Fitzclarence. 4to. pp. 502. Price 2l. 18s.  
1819.

**T**OWARD the end of the year 1817, when the military force of the Indian Government was in motion for the extermination of the Pindarries, and while an infatuation hardly paralleled in history, was betraying some of the Mahratta princes into one more defiance of the power which had hitherto trampled on every opponent in every conflict, Scindiah, the most martial of those princes, was intimidated by the approach of the Governor General, with some of the legions so often victorious, into what was denominated, with all proper courtesy, a treaty, of which the terms were humiliating to him in the same proportion in which they were indispensable to the tranquillity of the provinces on that side of the empire. This treaty, gained without an absolute war, and at a juncture when the state of the relations with some other of the native powers was so precarious and ominous, was deemed of consequence enough to be, without waiting for the important events which even a week at such a crisis might bring to pass, transmitted to England, in two sets of despatches, the one by the usual naval course, and the other, by a messenger, by the more direct route of the Red Sea and Egypt, to secure the advantage of two chances for both safety and expedition. The latter service was allotted to Col. Fitzelarence, who in consequence set off instantly, and worked and pushed his way, day and night, sick or well, through amicable territories, and hostile, over cultivated tracts, and through wood, jungle, fen, defile, burning sand, and every hazard of the sea lightly thrown into the account. More resolute to get on, more enterprising, enduring, or indefatigable,

he could not have been required to be, if the intelligence he conveyed had been that the English were in imminent danger of losing kingdoms in Asia, instead of being secure of gaining them.

This unremitting impetuosity, with an escort during the Indian part of the route, of many hundred soldiers, does really sometimes excite a slight feeling of the ludicrous, when the reader recollects that the matter of intelligence conveyed, is so very customary a thing as the forced consent of an Asiatic Sovereign to the establishment of an English camp, under the denomination of a ‘subsidiary force,’ within his dominions; in other words, his having sunk into the condition of a vassal, as is perfectly well understood by both the high contracting parties in the treaty, amid all the ceremony, and complaisance, and diplomatic farce, acted between them. This somewhat ludicrous effect is not diminished, if the reader happens to look by anticipation at the conclusion of the career, where he sees that the Author on his arrival found that the intelligence which it had cost him so much exertion and sufferance to expedite, had reached, many days before, by the speedier conveyance round the Cape of Good Hope. To him, however, this would be somewhat of a serious vexation, particularly in recollecting some of the sacrifices made to his professional duty of despatch.

It was inevitable that during this long race against time, a multitude of impressions would assail all the five senses. The gallant officer had a laudable practice of noting them into a journal, and hence this large quarto, so handsome in each of the points of getting up, in typography, and decorations, and composition. It is a publication which nobody would have thought of demanding, which describes few scenes of which we had not a variety of descriptions before, and which leaves us in much the same notions in which it found us of Indian princes and courts, of Hindoos, Arabs, Egyptians, and Turks. Yet it may be run through with considerable gratification. The Author is a lively elastic sort of a spirit, full of good humour, fire, and adventure; quite a soldier in the better characteristics of the profession; clever, we should think, in point of intellect; and alert in looking about him, without the benefit of which quality an ample narration of such a race as he ran would have been a notable hoax played off on the consumers of quartos.

As it always appears to us a very paltry spectacle when we see the *man*, with all his faculties, sentiments, and opinions, sunk in the soldier by profession, we are not altogether displeased to see our lieutenant-colonel sometimes taking upon him considerably in the way of statesman, as to Indian affairs. He may be somewhat rash and presumptuous in this extra-official character, and assuredly the politician has no little yet to learn,

who approves of almost every thing done by the English in India ; but it does at any rate please one to see a military man really able to comprehend that the world was made for some other small purposes besides that of being a field to fight upon. At the same time, we think there is the most value in that portion of his facts and observations, which has been furnished to him and by him in his professional capacity. There is very considerable importance and interest in his descriptions, interspersed in different parts of the narrative, of the constitution, habits, efficiency, and progressive alteration of quality of the native troops in the English service. Some of the incidents of his journey are illustrative of this subject ; and he makes no scruple of suspending his story for a good while, to illustrate from his previous knowledge any subject thrown in his way.

Perhaps the hands accustomed to wield the sword, are apt to be more daring than others in the exercise of the pen. We think we have noticed instances enough of this to warrant us in calling it a professional characteristic. Courage has been said to be a soldier's religion ; and, analogously to that of a Christian, which is required to pervade every thing in life, it may be felt an obligation on military conscience, that writing should be executed in the same style as fighting. To be deliberate and slow in judging, to hesitate in opinion, to acknowledge there are doubts and difficulties on all sides, not to be ashamed that more daring men should pronounce more promptly and decisively, would be held to betray a defect of gallantry. Why, indeed, should a man who would readily brave whatever can be brought from camps and arsenals, be afraid of any thing in the forces and magazines of logic ? What should there be in any possible array of opponent ideas, to appal him who would not hesitate, with a stout regiment of horse, to attack a whole Mahratta army ? And what should he care for the width, and intricacy, and obscurities of a question, when he knows he should not have asked more than an hour's warning, to dash into the thickest forest or jungle in Asia, in pursuit of Pindarry murderers, and without caring what might be their number ? How unreasonable it were to expect him to submit to shew, on any ground, of politics, morals, or even theology, an indecision which, if betrayed in giving orders, in camp, or march, or field, would expose him to contempt.

Whether, however, it be a fact, or not, that there is such a professional characteristic, our Lieutenant-Colonel, at least, possesses this endowment, of unhesitating opinion, in a very high degree. He fears not to pronounce with confidence at first sight ; and the judgements which he has had a little more time to grow positive in, are laid down in terms as decided as the great geographical lines of the globe.

Fortunately, some of the principal subjects on which this martial quality of intellect is displayed, are nearly as little, as any great concerns ever were, within the range of controversy. The substantial justice of the recent war in India can admit of no denial, except from those who hold war altogether, under any possible circumstances, to be wrong. And really the persons maintaining that opinion would be put to their extreme resources of argument, on reading our Author's and other authentic descriptions of the character and operations of the Pindarries, whose irruptions into some of the provinces of the British empire kindled the war. We have the greatest respect for that Christian class of the community among whom it is an established principle, that a case justifying a recourse to arms is impossible ; but we should really be curious to hear what they would have counselled the government to do, when many thousands of robbers and murderers, literally such, burst in suddenly and unprovoked, on the country, traversing to a vast extent the peaceful tracts of agriculture; perpetrating, not incidentally, but systematically and generally, every possible abomination compatible with the rapidity of their march; torturing and killing, with every wantonness of infernal barbarity, men, women, and children; with eager activity destroying every thing that could not be carried away as plunder; resolved to continue thus ravaging and desolating the provinces, till gorged to the utmost with slaughter and spoil, and then to retire to the territory of their dens, to digest amid their plunder, at their leisure, new schemes of similar destruction. Abhorring, as intensely as ever disciple of Robert Barclay did, the war-spirit with which almost all the nations and their governors have run mad, and believing a justifiable, that is, a purely defensive war, to be one of the rarest things in the history of the world, we should nevertheless feel it impossible to conceive a more desperate intellectual undertaking, than that of a man attempting to make out to the conscience of the Governor-General, a plain, sound, satisfactory proof that his duty was to remain perfectly still, while messengers from a province apprehending the horrible invasion, were in his presence, accompanied as we may be allowed to imagine the case, with a few persons escaped from a province already overspread with devastation and murder. We will suppose it to be directly in answer to the descriptions of these latter mournful heralds, and to the earnest representations and entreaties of the other messengers, appealing to these depositions, in pleading for instant powerful succour, that the advocate for non-resistance should make his remonstrance against any thought of a warlike movement against so infernal a visitation. It is possible there are many worthy persons whose judgement and conscience would, if they could have been placed in such a situa-

tion, at the moment that such a question was deliberated on, have impelled them to make this remonstrance; but we can hardly think there is any hazard in saying that there is not one, supposing him to have had his family and property in the province menaced, who would not have been secretly gratified to see the Governor-General actuated by a quite different, that is, a perverted and depraved, judgement and conscience. Let any person of the opinion in question, read the accounts of these miscreant bands, and deny that in such a case he would have been so gratified.

Our Author's appointment to Europe, prevented his being a sharer or witness of any thing more than the preparatory movements for the destruction of this rapidly augmenting power, essentially constituted of incorrigible russians, against whom it had been ridiculous to wage any other war than one of extermination. He begins his work with a short historical and descriptive sketch of them; followed by a comprehensive rapid view of the state of each of the chief native powers, relatively to one another and to the English, and relatively in particular to the somewhat critical juncture of the commencing operations against the Pindarries, in whose continued existence there could be no doubt that some of those powers took an interest, because, though sometimes suffering from their predatory violence, they could on occasions reinforce their armies from these lawless bands. It was worthy of the accustomed wisdom of these native despots and courts to meditate a quarrel, and to betray that they were meditating it, by unequivocal signs, in vain contradicted by worthless professions of amity, just at the time when the English were putting their whole immense military force, in readiness for action. It would seem as if they were desirous to take this intruding and detested power in its strongest attitude, from the consideration that if they could upset it then, they were likely to have no more trouble with it. This judicious proceeding cost Scindiah the degradation of admitting a "subsidiary force," flung the Peishwah, the nominal head of the Mahratta confederacy, from his throne, reduced Holkar to a shadow, and the Rajah of Nagpoor and other of the legitimate holders of power to nothing. The fatuity manifested by most of these princes and their courts is perfectly astonishing. So many years of experience seem to have done nothing towards teaching them either diffidence or caution. It would be very curious if we could know in what language their consultations were carried on, and what could be the reasons on which they could found their confident presumptions of the sudden reversal of an order of events which had been steadily progressive during the whole length of the lives of the oldest of these prognosticators. This madness of presumption was just what was requisite to com-

plete their ruin, and within a very few weeks to carry on the course of events one grand stage further in the same direction. We must continue to think there is something more in all this than our merely military or political commentators can explain ; and that a train of events without parallel, or at least without equal, in history, is passing on under the Divine superintendance, toward a result of which the moral glory will correspond to such a prodigy of the destruction and creation of power.

The most important events of the Mahratta war had taken place before our Author could reach the western shore of the Peninsula, on his way to carry intelligence of the compulsory pacific arrangement with Scindiah. He furnishes short notices, from the information which reached him on the road, and at Bombay, of transactions which, even during the course of this expeditious transit by horse or palanquin, added millions to the subjects of the British Government.

One of the remarkable circumstances of this war, as well as of the preceding wars, was the almost invariable fidelity of the native troops, in fighting against their own countrymen. It seems the Peishwah or his ministers had entertained a vague expectation of some possible failure of it in some of the native corps, contrary to all former experience. But this new occasion made no difference in either their allegiance or their bravery. They all did as they were ordered, and fired and backed away with perfect good will at figures of their own complexion, language, and religion. The triumphant success with which they did this, will have put an additional security on their allegiance for the next trial, as, doubtless, their firm adherence to their foreign masters in the present instance, was fortified by their recollection of past victories gained under the same command. The prodigious disparity, in point of military efficiency, between these troops and the very same kind of men in the service of the native powers, is by our Author attributed chiefly to discipline, and a perfect army mechanism on the one side, and incurable irregularity, disarray, and defective manual exercise on the other. In this Mahratta war a great deal of valour was evinced by portions of the native armies, especially those composed of Arabs ; but it was all in vain.

\* It is discipline, together with a quick firing of the flint-lock and field-pieces, which has given us the striking superiority over the natives. It is the steady fire of these that the troops of the native princes cannot face : that regularity of movement, quickness of evolution, and strict and unerring obedience in action, giving union and combination, opposed by confusion, clamour, distraction, and insubordination, must ever secure a commanding ascendancy. The natives have no idea of the value of time in military operations ; the most frivolous excuses or causes preventing the movements of

their armies; which will always make an active and regular force superior to them. They express their astonishment and the utmost dread at the steady and continued fire of our Sepoys, which they liken to a wall vomiting forth fire and flames. The firm and regular pace, the first and most necessary part of a soldier's instructions, is quite incomprehensible to them: and in this we again see the almost total change requisite to complete a soldier, as he is not allowed even to use his legs but in a prescribed manner.

'Having myself witnessed the inferiority of the irregular infantry and cavalry of the native princes, and the difficulty of bringing them into any kind of order, and also their attachment to their ancient habits and prejudices, it seems almost incredible, that in the short space of sixty years, we should have been able to bring about the total alteration that has been made.'

In tracing the progress of the European military system in India, as the instrument of the progress of our dominion there, the Colonel thus marks the contrast between the situation of the English as at the period just preceding their beginning to form the natives into regular soldiers, and as in 1817.

'It is curious to take a retrospective view of an English factor at his desk in 1746, with a pen behind his ear, trembling at the nod of the meanest of the Mogul's officers, and treated with the greatest insolence and oppression; with no higher military character under his direction than a peon stationed near a bale of goods: with a jurisdiction not extending beyond a court-yard of a warehouse connected with it; and contrast this picture with the situation of the Company's army in 1817, when 150,000 men, disciplined by British officers, presented the spectacle of as fine an army as any in the world, receiving its impetus of action from a great statesman and general, who held the person of the Mogul as a pensioner on the bounty of his government, wielding the political and military resources of the empire over a theatre of operations in the present campaign, extending from Loudheanah to Guzaraunt, in a segment of a circle of nearly 1200 miles. Such are the minimum and maximum of our Eastern empire.'

It seems it is not purely and exclusively a military alteration that the native troops in the English service have undergone. In contempt of all the Anglo-Indian oracles that have pronounced the thing impossible, we have the Colonel here depositing that their punctiliousness in matters of superstition has considerably worn away. The numerous assertors that every thing of this kind was to be eternal, omitted to say,

'What time next week eternity should end.'

Our Author specifies various facts in evidence of this modification of their superstitious feelings. For instance: 'There is not at this day a man of the highest caste, who will not be grateful for European medical assistance, if the medicine be taken from his own vessel, and given him from the hand of one of his own caste; a compliance which would formerly

'have been considered as the highest pollution.' The native costume, which is not independent of the ordinances of their superstition, has been in a great measure relinquished for the European military dress. The horror of leather, lest it should be the skin of a cow, has given place to the use of boots, saddlery, and, in the Bengal cavalry, of leather breeches. It is an act of impurity 'to touch the feathers of our domestic fowl ;' yet in one of the battalions many of the Brahmins, with the rest of the soldiers, wear them with pride, as having been conferred as a mark of honour for their military conduct. In the Bengal presidency there is no difficulty in getting rid of the mark of caste on the face, which is not permitted on parade.

'The very touch of a dead body, or any thing deprived of life, would be to a Bramin the greatest stain of impurity which could befall him. But in more than one instance, the native officers and soldiers, many of whom were Bramins, have insisted, from a sense of gratitude, on carrying an European officer to his grave. The lips of an European defile, beyond recovery, a vessel out of which he may drink ; but the Bramins in action have allowed their European officers, and even requested them, to drink in this manner from their vessels.'

The Sepoys in the French service, about sixty years since, were attempted to be compelled, by M. Lally, to work in the trenches, and carry such burdens as belong to the koolies. If they could not have escaped from such dishonour to the dignity and sanctity of caste, by desertion, many of them would probably have rather suffered death. But, says our Author,

'So great a change has taken place by allowing time and forbearance to work their own way in the British service, that the highest caste man looks upon it to be as much his duty, and will fill a gabion with as much readiness, as a grenadier in a king's regiment.'

It is pleasing to hear of such instances of accommodation and forbearance on the part of the English soldiers as the following :

'The 76th regiment served under Lord Lake for so long a period with the Sepoys, that they had become attached to each other ; and the former being aware of the prejudices of the latter, have been known, when they happened to arrive the first in camp, to wait till Jack Sepoy (as they call him) had drawn the water from the tank or well.'

From the above cited direct contradiction from facts, to a material extent, of the assertions which, not many years since, nearly the whole rank and file of British official men, military and civil, from India, would have vociferated in a volley, let it not be inferred, nor for a moment surmised, that the gallant person before us has been seduced into any such dissent from their creed, as to fancy a possibility of the conversion of these

pagans to Christianity. Indeed, if this were ever so easy, it would seem hardly worth while, 'as it is,' he says, 'not only liberal, but good policy, to shew a respect for all religious opinions, since they tend more or less to the good government of society.' From which we learn, in addition to several other remarkable and valuable instructions, that in the single matter of religion, by an exception to rules applicable in all other concerns, utter falsehood and imposture, (for that must at all events be the character of some of the opposed systems,) may claim our respect,—that the difference is unimportant between such moral effect,—and that the effect on man, in his present condition of a member of society, is the only use or object for which religion is of any consequence.

But in the next place, if, instead of being a matter of perfect indifference, it were ever so desirable, that Christianity might prevail in place of what are now the religions of India, this substitution could not be effected or attempted but at the hazard of our empire there.

'I do not see,' says the Lieutenant-Colonel, 'any cause which at present exists in India, from the Mahometans, or Hindoos, or any native power, to shake our government over this part of the world, that is to say, if we respect the prejudices of the natives, do not attempt to subvert their religion by the introduction of our own, and if our military force is kept up, &c. &c. &c.'

An 'attempt' by violence is not here meant; it would have been pure impertinence to make the grave supposition of a thing which no one proposes or meditates; the danger here threatened must be from an endeavour to illuminate, convince, and persuade. And it is with exquisite propriety that this is threatened by a writer who has been telling us, in a statement of facts, how these most tenacious pagans may, by mild and patient management, be beguiled out of one prejudice after another, and all the while but become the better pleased with those who are thus pilfering away particles and pieces of their religion; and a writer who *might* know that within the last twenty years, there have been at the least ten thousand addresses of argument, expostulation, and censure, made to assemblages of these people, in innumerable diversities of circumstance and scene, without ever once exciting any such commotion or violence as would in many parts of England infallibly attend any similar attempt at the instruction and reproof of the populace.

But in the last place, whether the attempt at supplanting their religions by our own would be too hazardous, or not, the success is impossible. And we have here, for the five hundredth time, the whole veteran story, of no Brahmin having ever turned Christian; of its being only some of the miserable outcasts that

suffer themselves to be ‘dubbed Christians,’ for the sake of getting crammed with rice, &c. &c. We confess we have rather wondered at all this being at this time said or sung by a Lieutenant-Colonel. A time there was, indeed, when all this was the approved speech and song in very high places, in councils and senates, among statesmen, governors, and officers of elevated rank. But it has followed the customary laws and progress of the fashions, which, in growing obsolete in the uppermost rank, become in vogue in the next, and so downward in rapid succession ; and vanishing from the west end of the town, and ultimately from the metropolis, circulate away through the provinces toward their last shew and their extinction in the hamlets of the fisherman. As to this strain of talk, so considerable a time, according to fashion’s account of duration, has elapsed since it was the vogue or the rage among the most imposing class, that we really thought it had probably descended by this time somewhat below the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Possibly the circumstance of our gallant Author’s having but very recently attained that rank, may account for his uttering a mode of cant not corresponding to the higher situation. When he becomes aware that he has made a mistake in point of fashion, we have no doubt he will instantly accommodate himself to its proprieties, as a matter of much more importance to a gay young cavalier, than any question about the affair of christianizing India,—an affair concerning which, besides, whether regarded as to the practicability, or to the state of facts in the actually attempted process, it is evident he has no knowledge.

With respect to the benefits conferred on the people of India by the British dominion, independently of any attempts to impart Christianity, its effects may in some views deserve all that warmth of eulogy which he lavishes indiscriminately on the whole of its operations and influence. The single fact, of the annihilation of such a dreadful scourge as the Pindarries, is a prodigious and unspeakable advantage gained by the provinces most exposed ; and other great improvements in their condition may be sincerely intended and attempted : but when the Colonel sees the efficient administration of justice extending over the immense territory, the almost entire extinction of that frightful system of robbery and murder called decoity, and in short, a general growing prosperity and advancing civilization in the state of the people, it is too evident, that the lively and sanguine tone of his spirits, while in the East, rendered his mental vision subject to an illusion, a kind of moral *mirage*.

In the capacity of messenger, our Author started from the camp, at Sajapoore in the Bundelcund, on the 8th of December, 1817, to make his way by Jubbulpoore, Nagpoore, Ellichpoore, Aurungabad, Ahmednuggur, and Poonah, to Bombay. To help him expeditiously and safely forward, every practicable

provisional arrangement was made, by orders sent before him to have bearers ready, and by a strong military force put at his command, varying however in number in the different stages. As some of the countries through which he was to pass, became avowedly hostile, subsequently to his setting off, some undesirable measure of danger hovered over some parts of the route, and in several instances threatened so heavily and so near as to put his military competence very considerably to the test. Rough adventures seemed to be on the very point of happening; but he still passed clear of them by some trifling distance of place or time. In some stages of the march, he was encumbered by a huge caravan of people and beasts of burden not belonging to his appointment, but wisely smuggled into his train, in order to share the protection of his well-commanded escort.

The journal of this traverse of the Peninsula contains many lively illustrations of national character, many amusing incidents, details of military operations, which had recently taken place at some of the spots which he passed, and descriptions of striking scenes, or of monuments of antiquity. Beyond every other spectacle, the stupendous excavations at Ellora overpowered and amazed his mind. It is not a little strange that these, perhaps unequalled labours of superstition should, if the Author is not mistaken in his statement, fail now to excite any sentiments of reverence in the people, though they are probably the most magnificent, and among the most ancient temples of the deities they still adore. But we much doubt the accuracy of the assertion, that 'no pilgrim now visits them, nor are they in any manner, or to any one, (except a cursory traveller), an object of veneration.' Indeed, it must be simply impossible for minds filled with the mythology, to behold it without emotion embodied in the sculptures throughout the immensity and solemnity of these caverns.

The account of the well-known excavated temple of Carli is rendered remarkable by the description of the effect of the discharge of a musquet, in a cavern-apartment contiguous and secondary to the great temple.

'The violent echo and long continued reverberation, now at a distance, now returning with increased violence, and thrilling through the enormous mass over head,—the noise surpassing thunder, but of a more hollow tone, was the most awful and overpowering sound I ever remember to have heard. I almost hoped, after the second return of the deep aggravated roar, that it was the last; but I was mistaken, and peal after peal followed in quick succession, and lasted several minutes, giving one the idea that the rock, indignant at its stillness being broken in upon, expressed its displeasure previous to closing the disturbers in its embrace for ever. So wonderful and

undescribable a noise would, I think, try the nerves of a very strong-minded woman; and I felt a chill creep through my frame which I never recollect having experienced in any former instance; so much so, that if it had been proposed to fire a second musquet, the impression made upon me would have caused me to object to it.'

Unless he was anxious to economize the strength of his nerves, in the anticipation of perhaps many unavoidable trials to come, we think he rather should have ordered the repetition, for the purpose, as a curious question of philosophy, of trying to ascertain, during the time, why he was afraid of what he clearly and soberly knew to involve no immediate cause for fear, or at least no danger.

The picture given by all the describers of India, of something dreary, and forlorn, and monumental, is repeated in our Author's descriptions, at not unfrequent intervals on the route, of fortresses, temples, and palaces, in various states of decay or ruin. Many of the Mahomedan structures are sinking fast under the doom which has gone so far in its fulfilment on the ancient splendid works of paganism. In neither class are there any means of replacing what is thus under 'the besom of destruction.' It is well known how much is contributed to this character of desolation, by the superstitious impression which forbids any further progress in a building after the projector's death.

'It is reckoned ominous for a person to continue any building, when the projector has died before it is completed. In consequence of this preposterous idea, many imperfect works are left, throughout the country, to fall to ruin; a son feels no pleasure, but on the contrary dread, in pursuing perhaps a favourite design of his father.'

There are one or two striking descriptions of the grand hill forts, so important in earlier wars, and impregnable, but by treachery, till the comparatively late efficient management of battering artillery: Dowlutabad makes an eminent figure in this class of positions. Very pretty, but rather overcoloured prints of this fortress and Hattrass are among the decorations of the volume. Col. F. says a very great addition has been made to our power over the minds of the people of India, by the proof given, in some recent instances, that nothing is inaccessible to the English artillery.

There are deoits, and tigers, and serpents, and many other things, to repress any tendency we might feel to envy the inhabitants of this magnificent climate; there is however one circumstance of no small account on the other side.

'In Bengal the necessities of life are so cheap, from their abundance, that their value in small quantities cannot be estimated in metallic coin, and they make use of small white shells, brought from the Laccadive Islands, as the medium of exchange.' 'I have, from curi-

osity, sent this moment into the bazar to inquire the number of cowries, (the name of these shells), in a rupee in the country where we now are, (Aurungabad), and find that, being at a considerable distance from the sea, 3520 are the full change for that coin. In England it will hardly be conceived that any article of food can be so low priced as I have stated.'

It will be from no defect of dimension in the great productive field, if this plenty does not continue to an indefinite time to come; for by our Author's account there is ground yet waiting to furnish supplies to an immensely greater number of inhabitants.

'The astonishing extent of uncultivated though valuable ground, in all parts of India, is hardly conceivable; and though the population must at present consist of from one hundred and eighty to two hundred millions, I am convinced it could subsist three times that number.'

In a journey of such length there could not fail to be many noble views of natural scenery presented to the traveller. But it was near the end of it that the most romantic and sublime aspects awaited him, among the grand eminences and profound defiles of the great ridge of mountains running parallel to the western coast, and at no great distance from it, in strong resemblance to the Andes near the western side of South America.

His busy short stay at Bombay allowed time for a visit to the cavern-temple of Elephanta, to which the impression previously made by those of Ellora prevented his doing justice; and for becoming greatly delighted with the Parsees and their ship-building.

The last permitted moment being arrived of his sojourn on the Indian shore, he comes off blazing into the sea with an ardent and rapturous glorification of the virtues, and proclamation of the magnificent fortunes, past and prospective, of the British domination in the East. His exultation at the brilliant destiny disclosed to his prophetic gaze, suffers not the slightest repression from the idea that, according to his notion of the matter, the hundred millions (or if they become double that number) of the subjects of our government, are to continue from age to age, part of them the dupes of a vile impostor, and part of them worshippers of stocks and stones. Who could stop in the career of such splendid anticipations, to think of such a triflē as the condition of the *souls* of the immense community? What signifies it that with respect to the most momentous interest of their existence they remain in a state of ignorance and utter perversion? — So liberal, so enlarged, so sublime, is the view which mere politicians take of a mighty assemblage of human beings!

The animated felicitation of the conquering power and its subjects, concludes as follows:

‘ Thus the British government, at the commencement of the year 1818, possesses an empire little inferior to that of Alexander, of the Romans, the Kaliphat, Timourlung, or Ghingis Khan; an empire which is likely to be of longer duration than any of them, for its rise has not depended on the talents and fortunes of one man, but on the grand principles of our physical, moral, and intellectual superiority. We may thus, with the character worthy of our nation, continue to make our sovereign and uncontrolled sway, (which it must still remain, as the natives are unable to feel the happy effects of a free government), the most benign despotism that ever existed; and apply with the hand of a parental monarch, to those who are our subjects, the happy rules of equity and moderation which we are taught from our own constitution.

‘ By our commanding political situation, which gives us the most unlimited power over the native courts, we can insure permanent tranquillity, and induce them to look on us alone as the keystone of India. Thus it will be our policy to place ourselves at the head of a commonwealth of nations, and making ourselves the arbiter of all misunderstandings among them, eradicate the ruinous and fallacious policy of short-sighted imbecile princes and profligate ministers.’

One of the Company’s cruisers conveyed our Author, with about the usual proportion of incidents by sea, to Cosseir, a delectable place, where good water may be had for bringing it on asses from a distance of forty-five miles. The narrative is very amusing from this landing-place, across the desert, to the Nile. The light sort of feeling which this epithet expresses, might seem rather out of place for a story of very severe hardships, did not the bold, elastic, vivacious spirit of the narrator so decidedly exempt the reader from a grave sympathy with the sufferings inflicted by a dreadful heat, combined with deficiency of water and sustenance, protracted and almost unmitigated fatigue, and the extremely harrassing effect of the pace and movement peculiar to the camel. An oppressive degree of illness was the result of this combination of grievances. But the forced march was resolutely prosecuted to the Nile; and he came in contact at Khenné with a stream so delightful to the senses after such a journey, and rendered most imposing to the mind by so many interesting and solemn reminiscences. Here he was somewhat vexed to learn that only the day before, Mr. Salt had passed by on his return from Thebes, where, with Mr. Beechy, his secretary and assistant draughtsman, he had been spending five active months among the ruins. It was hoped that a messenger sent down the river might overtake him not very far below, to request him to wait for our Author; but the first sight of each other was to be at the consul’s house at Cairo, where they arrived but few hours apart. The eager wish to visit Thebes, was repressed, almost as soon as it sprung in our Author’s mind, by the imperious sense of duty, which forbade

him such a use of the three days which would have sufficed for going thither and returning to the spot where he was. This could not but be a severely mortifying restriction. He took time for a hasty examination of the temple of Dendera, of which we read with interest one description more.

Some unpleasant encounters with Turkish rudeness occurred in the passage down the Nile; but these were of little account compared with the serious danger formerly threatened by Arab robbers and assassins. The strong and relentless hand of Ali Pacha has effectually cleared all Europe of these, as well as of the Mamelukes, and effected a state of safety and good order unknown in the country for ages before. There is to be no plundering or exaction in Egypt except his own; but his own is insatiable and remorseless. The Colonel repeats the description of Ali's despotism as given him by an Italian surgeon at Sciout.

' My visitor was only surprised how it was continued, since all ranks, soldiers and husbandmen, were equally in thraldom. He stated that the sums of money which the Pacha drew every year from the country and the sale of its produce, were inconceivable, and that he would never permit any one to grow rich but himself. He seizes the grain, tobacco, butter, cloth, and in short every production of the country, and pays for them what he thinks fit, only allowing the Arabs and Copts enough to exist on, thus rendering himself abhorred by the cultivator of the ground: while, by having taken into his hands the whole of the commerce of Egypt, he has made the merchant destitute. All the exports are derived from his granaries or warehouses.'

He still maintains a shew of respect and obedience to the head of the Turkish empire, but would instantly, it is believed, declare himself independent, if he had a sea force adequate to the protection of his commerce. It is anticipated that he will at all events do this after a while, if his life be continued. Our Author was introduced to him, at Cairo, by Mr. Salt, and we transcribe the first sentences of the account of the interview.

' His highness was plainly dressed. He is not above five feet nine inches high, but of a most pleasing and open countenance, without any indications whatever of age; on the contrary, he does not seem to be above thirty-nine or forty, though he is older. He sat down with his legs under him on a sofa, with a large pillow to support his back, and seemed particularly glad to see Mr. Salt, who, it appears, has established a feeling of respect for the British name and character throughout Egypt, so strong that individuals of a rival European nation when on the Nile, being challenged from the shore by the police, have been known to call out that they were *Inglaise*.' ' He smoked during the whole time; his pipe being splendidly ornamented with jewels. He had several rings on, one with a single diamond of very large size. His manner was delightful; soft, mild, and courtly,

such as would bear a comparison with the most polished European prince. All the while we were in his company, we reclined upon the sofas, with the utmost familiarity, which towards Europeans he rather encourages, no doubt for the reason he assigned to Mr. Salt, that they were the only people from whom he got information.'

He evinced much shrewdness in some of the various political inquiries by which he shewed that he is a man who, even in the common routine of ceremony, will not a moment forget to mind his business.—For the Christians, there have not, in point of protection and even favour, been such times in Egypt, for a thousand years.

The most interesting part of the volume is the chapter near the end, relating the Author's communications with Mr. Salt and Belzoni on Egyptian antiquities, and his adventures in company with the latter, into the most interior gloom of the two great Pyramids now open. The animated descriptive narrative is brief, and the admirable operations and discoveries of Belzoni and Caviglia, have already been, through several popular channels, made familiar to the reading public. One circumstance referred in passing, by our Author, we do not recollect to have been mentioned, namely, that Belzoni had commenced operations for opening the *third* great Pyramid. As the report of his death appears to be satisfactorily contradicted, we earnestly wish to hear that this grand undertaking has not been abandoned. It may be hoped that the solemn recesses of *that* structure, unlike the fate of the one recently opened, have not been violated by stupid barbarian ransackers for gold, and that the contents, found as originally entombed or enshrined, may decide finally, the question relative to the design of these mysterious and enormous monuments. Our Author, who had himself the fortune of putting theory and speculation suddenly to a stand, by bringing from the sarcophagus of the Pyramid opened by Belzoni, some bones of the *bos* species, will hardly allow there should now be any question that the Pyramids are tombs of Apis. Every person whose imagination has been fascinated by the dark wonders of Egypt, will be gratified to understand that a work is expected from Mr. Salt, on the subject of the recent and still prosecuted researches and discoveries, illustrated with the utmost accuracy of graphical representation.

The Lieutenant-Colonel's work contains a large and well engraved map of the seat of the Pindarry and Mahratta war, and a moderate number of plates, for the greater part coloured, representing costumes and several remarkable localities. Allowing for the slight and hasty mode in which this kind of decorations is got up, they are pretty well done.

- Art. II. 1. *The Calvinistic Clergy defended, and the Doctrines of Calvin maintained*; in a Letter to the Rev. James Beresford, A.M. Rector of Kibworth, occasioned by his Sermon, preached in St. Martin's Church, at the Bishop's late Visitation, and printed at the Request of the Bishop and Clergy. By Edward Thomas Vaughan, A.M. Vicar of St. Martin's and All Saints', and Rector of Foston, Leicestershire. Second Edition With a Preface, Omissions, Alterations, and large Additions. 8vo. pp 291. Leicester. 1818.
2. *Strictures on a Sermon entitled "An Examination of the Doctrines of Calvin,"* preached at a Visitation at Leicester, on Friday, July 2, 1818, by the Rev. J. Beresford, M.A. and on "A Letter" to him; by the Rev. Edward Thomas Vaughan, M.A. By Philes. 8vo. London.

**A** FULL oblivion should no doubt be accorded to an author, for all those improprieties of a first edition of a work, which he sees fit to retrench when he publishes a second. Repentance evidenced by amendment, satisfies the claims of offended decorum. We speak therefore only of Mr. Vaughan's second edition. But, in strictness, he barely deserves this indulgence, both because his Letter still abounds with the indications of a hostile temper, and contains many highly irreverent impertinences, and because he explicitly defends what he has not ventured to reprint. It appears that he has reviewed, at leisure, the inconsiderate effusions of his first vexation, without regret or conviction. We are not sure, indeed, that Mr. Vaughan might not be altogether more gratified by the haling forward of his first edition, than by a mere acquiescence in the corrections of the second. Men of much courage, and who have a high faith in the propriety of all they have once said, would, in most cases, choose rather to be roughly handled as culprits, than quietly dismissed as penitents.

The fiery lovers of contention may derive an exhilaration—an inspiration from the demonstration of kindred sentiments in an opponent; but a man of a reflecting and pious mind would often rather leave the solemn and affecting truths of religion under a momentary dishonour in the hands of the loud dogmatist, than attempt to rescue them from such keeping. Nevertheless, we must offer some remarks upon the volume before us.

Mr. Vaughan writes with a sort of force of manner, and he reasons, at times, with some ability; but altogether, in point of subject and treatment, his book is so much like to the troublesome mosquito-swarms of 'Letters,' and 'Replies,' and 'Appeals,' and 'Vindications,' and 'Inquiries,' that flit past us every day, that we should not have referred to it, had it not been in some other respects distinguished from the crowd. It is so, by the explicit avowal of controversial maxims in flagitious contrariety to apostolic precept and example, by a very un-

pleasing flippancy, and by an inappropriate arrogance on points of the highest difficulty and obscurity. We commend Mr. Vaughan's controversial frankness, and we use the same frankness in thus expressing, not the judgement of an individual, but, as we imagine, the offended feeling of every rightly tempered mind.

Early in his Letter, Mr. Vaughan complains of the hostility of his opponent : 'Sir,' he says, (p. 4.) 'we do not want "pugilists at this time in the ministry.' This seems plainly to mean, that men whose violence of temper and dogmatism of spirit lead them into personal controversy, more from the love of warfare and the hope of individual triumph, than from a holy concern for religious truth, are, as Mr. Vaughan thinks, likely to do more harm than good in the present state of the Church. This is an excellent sentiment. It is, it should appear, Mr. Vaughan's opinion, and it is the opinion, we may add, of all men of sound judgement and of Christian feeling, that, as well the external credit of Christianity, as the healing and the purity of the Church, eminently call for those men *only* to stand forward in the controversy of the day, who have enough greatness of spirit to forget the littlenesses of personal attack, while they coolly, meekly, and laboriously strive to explain the mistakes of others who ignorantly oppose themselves to the truth.

But perhaps we should allow Mr. Vaughan to give his own comment upon the phrase we have quoted from him ; for this, we must go back to his preface.

'The controversialist is a wrestler; and is at full liberty to do all he can, in the fair and honest exercise of his art, to supplant his antagonist. He must not only be dexterous to put in his blow forcibly, but must have a readiness to menace with scorn and to tease with derision, if haply he may by these means unnerve or unman his competitor. The controversialist must "strive lawfully :" never allowedly misstating his adversary, or adducing a false fact, or overcharging or mis-colouring a true one ; but, with these dishonourable exceptions, I know not that he is under any obligation to withhold a particle of his skill and strength, whether offensive or defensive, in this truly Spartan conflict.'

If we should forget for a moment, that this heathenish bravado comes from the pen of a Christian minister, and hear it only under the impression of common principles, it surely would not lead us to anticipate the cool, effective force of a calm mind ; still less so, when compared with the quick outcry extorted by the blows of his antagonist : "Sir, we do not want "pugilists." *Omne infirmum naturā querulum.*

Where there is the most conscious strength, there shall we find the least irascibility ; where the most true courage, there the least hostile parade ; where the most argumentative tran-

quillity, there the least impertinence, and affected sportiveness ; where the most intimate conviction, there the least mouthing asseveration ; where the most luminous apprehension, there the least declamatory logic ; and, finally, where there is the widest intellectual comprehension and capacity for profound reflection, there the least disposition to intolerant, infallible dogmatism. These we are accustomed to consider as general maxims, the justness of which is sufficiently established by observation.

It is not difficult to trace to the same source all the various symptoms of the petty controversial spirit. The petulance, the impertinence, the stiff levity without grace or joyousness, the sour-tasted jests, that give the finishing touch of absurdity to the vexed ruefulness of the manner, the positiveness, the clarion-triumph of demonstration on subjects barely within range of the humblest surmise, the fierce defiances and large challenges, sported only in times and places of trusty shelter ; all these things, we say, are easily traced to the same source. They are but the several expressions of the uneasiness and the anxieties of oppressed and labouring imbecility. We find them developed, more or less, in all temperaments which are characterized by their *vivacious feebleness*. Dogmatism or the unreasoning obtrusion of individual opinion, as the rule and termination of discussion, has, it must be acknowledged, distinguished some eminently powerful minds ; but we venture the remark, that in such cases it has been the result and has served as the shelter of much constitutional indolence ; or at least, that it has been resorted to *defensively*. By a ponderous and overwhelming dogmatism, men of such minds, wearied with the annoyance of inferior writers, have surrounded themselves with a sort of impregnable munition of arrogance on the field of argument. The names of Warburton, Horsley, and especially of Johnson, will occur to the reader in illustration of our meaning.

Though there is at present much controversy stirring, and though many publications are continually issuing from the press, which are full as unpleasing and as reprehensible as Mr. Beresford's 'Sermon,' and Mr. Vaughan's 'Letter,' yet these are not the dog-days of controversy ; the public mind has mainly another direction ; our atmosphere is not darkened, as in some former periods, with angry swarms that eat up every thing green and pleasant, and defile all the wholesome food that remains. This then is the time in which it may be hoped, that an extensively prevailing good sense, and a large proportion of unheated opinion, will prevail to reform the style of polemic writing and speaking. We would fain think it probable, that the mean, and yet grievous vices of religious discussion, will, ere long, be put to shame. Little irascible spirits, which are

become more noxious under the irritation of lacerated insignificance, will find that they must either slink away into their chinks and crevices, or learn kindlier manners if they come abroad. It needs not follow that Christians should become indifferent, either to the defence or the precision of religious truth, or that solid, sober controversy should be neglected. Men of calm and elevated minds will be much more likely to engage in the sedate defence of their principles, when they shall be less exposed to those annoyances and disgusts of personal attack to which *they* are the most peculiarly sensible. If *personal* controversy were to fall into general disesteem, being held, with rare exceptions, to originate mainly in impatient self-importance, the greater part of the occasions of the scandals we have referred to, would be cut off, and the contagion they have spread might almost become extinct.

But we must revert for a moment to Mr. Vaughan's Letter. It would not be reasonable to exact of every one who writes on religious subjects, that he be gifted with good taste, or a sense of the finer proprieties of style; but we think that in the absence of good taste and nicer feeling, a *right spirit*, and an affecting apprehension of Divine things, will suffice to preserve a writer, when touching upon the most solemn articles of the faith, from such frigid trifling as the following sentences exhibit. Mr. Vaughan is discussing the doctrines of Election and Reprobation.

‘Why, Sir, I will fight with you upon this theme, as the Greeks did for the recovery of their dead Patroclus—as “Michael the Archangel, when contending with the Devil he disputed about the dead body of Moses”—as the famed Athenian who grasped his ship with his teeth, when he had no longer a hand to hold it by.—It shall be with a loss not less than life, that I resign this splendid attestation (Rom. viii. 28—30) to the triumphal origin, procession, and coronation of grace in the Redeemed!’ p. 106.

Such turns as, ‘You begin to squeak a little through the apprehension that your “calling” will not stand, and so you put in a botch to mend it,’—‘Do look again, Mr. Rector of Kibworth, at your eleventh Article, and the three Homilies on Salvation,’—and many others like them which might be quoted, need we assure Mr. Vaughan, are in themselves as inane as they are ill-placed. If, as he says, (p. 161) the sarcastic language of his adversary has ‘given a double portion of gall to the ink of his letter,’ his vapid jestings, instead of disguising the bad savour, leave it on his pages in its state of simple nauseousness.

Mr. Vaughan occupies a large portion of his volume in defending the gratuitous dogma of Reprobation. Although we should feel very reluctant to enter upon that topic in the foot-steps of such a writer, yet, had we observed in his treatment of

it any argument new or striking we should doubtless have referred to it. As for the callous arrogance of his manner, and the indecent dissonance of his language with the style of Scripture, we should be sorry, even by our reprehension, to retard the course of that hasty oblivion, which, happily, waits at hand to wipe out the scandal of such effusions.

The Author of the "Strictures" writes with commendable temper, modesty, and moderation. His pamphlet is, we think, in the main judicious. He thus concludes his remarks upon Mr. Vaughan's Letter. Speaking of the second edition, he says :

' The end of the *Letter* is considerably altered and enlarged; but not so as to affect the force of the foregoing *Strictures*. It was before very objectionable, containing a great deal even of vulgarity in its abuse; but even now, the levity, violence, and rancour which it breathes, are exceedingly unbecoming, and likely to prove injurious to the doctrines it defends. While reading that part where Calvinism is exculpated from the charge of being immoral and pernicious in its effects, one cannot help thinking that the author himself gives more than an answer to all that he advances, by the spirit which he manifests. A bad spirit is equally as opposed to the Gospel as bad conduct: and whatever be the system that produces it, that system, if such a spirit be its *common* fruit, becomes very suspicious; it carries on its very face the strongest objection that can well be imagined. And the Calvinism maintained and defended by our author, as far as I know or have read or heard of the religious world, generally produces a spirit which is not very like that of the Gospel,—a spirit, whose essence is pride, whose ingredients are conceit, self sufficiency, contempt for others who entertain different views from themselves, and a haughty, dogmatical, and overbearing confidence in their own peculiar opinions. Surely these are "sour grapes;" these are "corrupt fruit," which cannot grow but on a "corrupt tree." But what are the peculiar graces of a Christian? Are they not love, humility and moderation, sympathy and tenderness, a genuine philanthropy and an unfeigned disposition to render good for evil and blessing for railing? Whilst brilliant talents, generosity, and all the heroic virtues are to be found in man even in his natural state, *these* belong exclusively to the Christian; there being no other soil but the renewed and sanctified heart where they can nourish and grow up to maturity. Mere "knowledge puffeth up," and is no distinctive mark; faith "to remove mountains" is of itself of no avail; and a firmness of mind to "give the body to be burned," may be possessed without true religion, and "profiteth nothing:" but the grand characteristic of a Christian is "charity," or love,—that love which "is kind," which "is not puffed up," and which "is not easily provoked." ' pp. 97—9.

Art. III. *Shakspeare's Genius Justified*: being Restorations and Illustrations of Seven Hundred Passages in Shakspeare's Plays, which have afforded abundant Scope for Critical Animadversion, and hitherto held at Defiance the Penetration of all Shakspeare's Commentators. By Z. Jackson. 8vo. pp. 470. London, 1819.

**I**T is not wholly without example in the modern history of letters, that territories which, time immemorial, have been enjoyed as the exclusive property of the *learned few*, and over which they have revelled and legislated with the true *esprit du corps* of 'the United Company of Merchants of Great Britain,' 'trading to the East Indies,' have ultimately been thrown open or abandoned to the unlicensed traffic and seismic zeal of plain sense and unlettered acuteness. It is, perhaps, not inconsistent with the largest estimate of the value of minute learning, to conceive very possible cases in which the public may be the gainers by such irruptions upon the domains of the aristocracy of letters. Without implying so absurd a proposition as that relative erudition is not necessarily available for the illustration of whatever is obscure or obsolete, it is impossible to be insensible to the great drawback to its value, occasioned by the ungovernable love of display, and the inconceivable fancifulness and puerility of hypotheses, into which the devotees of critical literature have been one and all beguiled. There is a trifling with learning, unfortunately but too habitual in this department of letters, which, to any man whose pursuits accustom him to be in earnest, is still less durable than 'fools play,' because it assumes an importance and carries an air of gravity which fools play never pretends to.

In no one branch of critical literature has more cause for complaint of conventional infatuation arisen, than in that which modern times have given both birth and name to, and which has occupied the grave and the gay, the titled and the untitled, under the appellation of *Bibliography*. Although essentially subordinate in its scale of importance, to practical science, to speculative philosophy, and to every other branch of learning, the results of which more immediately concern the interests or the business of mankind, we are fully willing to admit that the study of Bibliography, cultivated as it has been with romantic ardour for the last half century, has not been unattended with numerous advantages. But while acknowledging the value of the assistance derived from that pursuit, by elegant literature of every description, and even the additions made by it to our general stores of intellectual treasure, every man whose concern with the actual business of life, or with the anxious realities of natural, political, or moral science, has been serious enough to

teach him the difference in value between enlarged understanding and literary accomplishment, must turn with pity, if with no severer feeling, from the *petit-maitre* importance and the solemn, self-deceiving trifling of the bulk of our writers on early English literature.

We know of few men who have exposed themselves to severer animadversion on this head, in the general tone of their productions, than the numerous commentators on the father of our English drama; and it will perhaps one day be the puzzle of a more philosophical and less literary generation, whether to be astonished most at the profoundness of their research, or the egregiousness of their folly.

Conventional impeccability, the great doctrine which formed the link of society for so many generations past, has already received too many shocks, to extend its protection much longer to any class of men, whether guilty of the 'capital offence' of bad faith, or the 'minor charge' of infatuation. In the days of our fathers, the various divisions and subdivisions of men into which the great aggregate of society distributed itself, whether statesmen, churchmen, magistrates, or scholars, came to a kind of tacit *a priori* agreement among themselves, that, *as a body*, they were exactly the most perfect, the most unimpeachable, the most authoritative collection of persons possible; and having adopted this resolution *nem. con.* as to their own coterie, they made it a matter of courtesy to recognise a precise equiformity of irreproachableness, intelligence, and impeccability, *after their sort*, in each and every other of the accredited classifications of society. By this finely contrived system of 'mutual credit,' the correspondence of life, the machinery of social existence, the disposition of the rights and the exercise of the capacities of mankind, were carried on with the least possible degree of disturbance either to individuals or bodies; animadversion had no other name than satire or scurrility; and the perfect self-complacency and security of all orders of men were exceeded by nothing but the dead stillness and the midnight slumber of the intellectual and moral world.

To the reign of *character* and *credit* has succeeded, by steps of which the period of our own lives furnishes the history, and of which we can all recognise the result, if we cannot accurately trace the progress,—a system of universal *inquisition*. The world having unfortunately discovered that it had been cheated in places where it reposed its most implicit faith, the magnitude of the disappointment has produced a universal determination *to give no more trust*. The affairs and the policy of no class of men are now exempted from the most unlicensed scrutiny; and to the ordeal of public opinion are submitted in shoals, the moral, the political, the literary, and the intellectual character,

not merely of parties and professions, but of princes, poets, and private gentlemen. So completely has the principle, ‘Hear every one—let no unquestioned validity of character shut the door to the accuser,’ gained possession of the public mind, that to keep pace with the currency of the day, it has even become the cant of the ‘Treasury Benches,’ to talk about the utility—yes, the *abstract* utility—of a vigorous and watchful opposition.

Far as the thing has gone, we are not quite sure if all classes of men are fully prepared for the possible, and even necessary result of this extending spirit of *useful opposition*. We are not quite sure that it has yet been much considered how far the minor interests of book-collectors, editors, and publishers, may be involved in the general work of purgation, which is going forward, and whether the public may not be in a state of preparation to think, before many more lustrums have passed, that it is time the quackery of literature should go the way of all other quackery; that the spirit of rational reform which has gone forth among all classes of society, should find its way even into the cells of the curious; and that Common Sense should re-assert its paramount rights, not only to regulate the policy of nations, but to govern all the departments of the commonwealth of letters. We are however inclined to believe, that the dawn of such reform has already broken, even in the regions of *black letter* literature. It is no small cause of complacency to find the laborious conceits of our Malones, our Ritsons, our Douces, and the still more insufferable bibliographical foppery of Mr. Frognall Dibdin, relieved by the writings of men such as Brydges and Whitaker; men who not only rest their fame on ‘high place’ in the courts of Antiquarianism, but appear with equal credit in the senates, the pulpits, the drawing rooms, the closets, and even—(we anticipate the smile of their literary compeers)—the Bible Societies, of actual life. From men of this description, the world had a right to expect that more chastised and philosophical estimate of the real objects and value of literary speculations, and of the relative situation which they hold in the circle of human pursuits, which we might look for in vain among the fopperies and the fooleries of mere book-worms. The expectation has not been disappointed, and the consequence has naturally been, to raise the character of the pursuit in the estimation of the sober and the rational, exactly in the proportion that it has descended from the imaginary height of pedantic conceit.

A confession somewhat more candid than ordinary, of the paramount interests of the moral over the literary world, has very recently been made to the public, by a veteran disciple of the school of ‘Elizabethan lore,’ who, although subordinate to the

writers we have just adverted to in the higher walks of intellect, at least equals them in the elegance which he has diffused over his literary productions, and the irreproachable amiableness of his private character.

' During too many years of my life, (says Mr. Park,) all that was literary seemed almost all that was estimable. With a kind of dotage, I became delighted by the mere autograph of any hand connected with authorship, and squandered time and attention on a wide circle of correspondence, which had vanity, perhaps, more than a thirst after knowledge, for its source. But I have been led to perceive the perilous frivolity of such whimsies in advancing years, and to fix my *higher* delight where the first of "Royal Authors" did—in those "who excel in virtue."'

It is impossible not to contrast this entire and unreserved confession, with the dexterous, oblique, half-meant apologies which some of our reverend Bibliomaniacs have occasionally suffered *decorum* to extort from them, for their unceasing devotion to fancies of a different description from canonical ones. However graceful these incidental allusions to ' professional duties' may appear in the neighbourhood of St. James's, or with whatever propriety they may meet the eye of Right Reverend subscribers, we would venture to suggest, that with a large majority of the discerning and rational part of the public, (exclusive of the *Methodists*,)

' Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.'

Our recurrence to the language of Shakspeare reminds us that we have wandered already too far from his new commentator, and that it is time to return.

In the collection before us, of *seven hundred* new readings of the great Dramatist, Mr. Zachariah Jackson presents himself with qualifications of a very different description from those brought to the service by our Stevenses and Malones and Uptons, or even by the gentleman who has so recently made Shakspeare *himself again* without their aid. It was well remarked by the Female biographer of Dr. Johnson, that ' How ever taste begins, we almost always see that it ends in simplicity; the glutton finishes by losing his relish for any thing highly sauced, and calls for his boiled chicken, at the close of many years spent in the search of dainties; the connoisseurs are soon weary of Rubens, and the critics of Lucan; and the refinements of every kind heaped upon civil life, always sicken their possessors before the close of it.' Mr. Jackson seems to have thought, and perhaps not without some reason, that the readers of Shakspeare were equally sickened with the re-

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\* *Nugæ Modernæ*, 12mo. London, 1818. p. 29.

finements of black letter learning which have been heaped upon him ; and he has furnished a dish of more simple ingredients for their relief. After all the labour and ingenuity which have been bestowed upon the text of Shakspeare, our readers will probably be surprised to hear that the seven hundred new readings of Mr. Jackson, many of which are at least plausible, and some deserving of a still higher character, have reference to no other source of illustration than patient ingenuity, and an '*intimate acquaintance with the printing business in all its branches.*' That is to say, from an habitual and regularly initiated familiarity with the *modus operandi* of the blunders to which compositors are liable in composing, correcting, &c. Mr. J. has laboriously addressed himself to the application of that knowledge, to the obscure passages of Shakspeare ; and by transpositions, substitutions, and deletions of letters and points, restored at least a semblance of sense to a number of those passages, which, if not amounting to demonstrative restoration, is at least equally satisfactory with some of the far-fetched unexplanatory illustrations of the regular commentators, if indeed not more so. We wish very heartily that Mr. Jackson's suggestions had been distinguished from those of his predecessors, by the absence not only of erudite affectation, but also of that dogmatic spirit of self-confidence and unfounded positiveness, which he complains of with too much justice, in those who have gone before him, while, with the common oversight of humanity, he unconsciously multiplies offence in his own person. Mr. Jackson must remember that he has now set all the compositors and press readers in England upon *restoring* the text of Shakspeare ; and when the time shall arrive, that the public shall be in plenary possession of the labours of these gentlemen, we are inclined to suspect that the maxim, *Quot homines tot sententiae*, will be found to be applicable equally to the unlearned and the learned.

We proceed to extract a few of what strike us as favourable specimens of Mr. Jackson's ingenuity.

\* *Merry Wives of Windsor. Act II, Scene 2.*

\* *PISTOL.* I will retort the sum in *equipage*.

\* *Equipage* is certainly a very familiar word ; but, with Mr. Steevens, I must say, " That it ever meant *stolen goods*, I am yet to learn." The compositor mistook the word : our Author wrote,

\* I will retort the sum in *equipoise*.

\* *Retort*, (return,) *equipoise*, (equal weight.) I will return you equal weight in money. " No," says Falstaff, " not a penny." The *oi* was taken for an *a*, the *i* being closely joined to the *o* ; and the *z* for a *g*, the word *equipoise* being formerly spelt *equipoize*.

‘ Much Ado about Nothing. Act V, Scene 1.

‘ **LEONATO.** Bring me a father who so lov'd his child,  
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,  
And bid him speak of patience ;  
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,  
And let it answer every strain for strain,  
As thus for thus ; and such a grief for such,  
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form :  
If such a one will smile and stroak his beard,  
And hollow, wag, cry hem, when he should groan ;  
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk  
With *candle-wasters* ; bring him yet to me,  
And I of him will gather patience.’

This is part of the fine answer of Leonato to Antonio, when exhorted by him to lay aside the severity of his grief. Mr. Jackson's observations are too long for insertion, but we will leave his emendation to speak for itself.

‘ ————— Make misfortune drunk  
With *caudle-waters*.

‘ The word in the manuscript not being sufficiently intelligible, the compositor made the best he could of it :—the *u* and *n* are scarcely distinguishable one from the other ; and having composed *candle* instead of *caudle*, concluded that as there was no such thing as *candle-waters*, it necessarily must be *candle-wasters*.’

‘ Merchant of Venice. Act II, Scene 8.

‘ **SALARINO.** And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,  
Let it not *enter in* your mind *of* love.

‘ Three errors appear in this passage, all owing to the loss of *ta*, which having dropped out of the page in its metal state, left two words remaining instead of one ; and this error occasioned a second in the word *of*. The original unquestionably read,

And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,  
Let it not *entertain* your mind *off* love.’

‘ All's Well that Ends Well. Act I, Scene 3.

‘ **HELENA.** I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;  
Yet in this *captious* and intenible sieve,  
I still pour in the waters of my love,  
And lack not to lose still.’

‘ This unintelligible passage, and which has been almost despairingly relinquished by my predecessors, may, I think, be made to recover its pristine beauty.

‘ Dr. Johnson observes : “ The word *captious*, I never found in this sense ; yet I cannot tell what to substitute, unless *carious*, for rotten.” In what sense my predecessor understood the passage, I know not : but, from my conception of it, the word *carious* would prove the most impotent of any in his Dictionary.     \*     \*     \*     \*

I read,

I know I love in vain, strive against hope;  
Yet in this *copious* and intenible sieve,  
I still pour in the waters of my love,  
And lack not to lose still.

Winter's Tale. Act III, Scene 3.

\* CLOWN. Clamour your tongues, and not a word more  
\* We should read,

*Chamber* your tongues, and not a word more.

From the old saying, “Keep your tongue within your teeth, and shut the *chamber door*.”

\* Macbeth. Act IV, Scene 1.

\* MACBETH. ————— And thy *hair*,  
Thou other gold-bound brow is like the first.’

Mr. Jackson remarks with some plausibility :

‘ The colour of the hair is an object of too little consideration to attract Macbeth’s notice at such a juncture: nay, it is weak and irivolous: whereas a descendant, known, by his majestic form, to be *like* his great ancestor, whose *heir* he is, conveys a lofty sound, and is a striking picture of legitimate royalty.

\* This reading, however, would seem to require another alteration.

————— And thy *heir*,  
*This* other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

Particularly as the apparition of which Macbeth speaks is only the second.

\* Coriolanus. Act I, Scene 3.

\* VALERIA. What are you sewing here? a fine *spot*, in good faith.

\* Valeria means amusement : We certainly should read,

\* ————— A fine *sport*, in good faith.

\* The *r* dropped out in placing the pages for *imposition*, and, as the letters formed a perfect word, the corrector overlooked the error.’

\* Antony and Cleopatra. Act V, Scene 2.

\* CLEOPATRA. My country’s *high pyramides* my gibbet,

\* A transposition has certainly been made in this passage: the *es* in *pyramides* belong to *high*, with which, and the addition of a *t*, a pure sense is obtained.

————— rather make  
My country’s *highest pyramid* my gibbet,  
And hang me up in chains.

\* King Lear. Act IV, Scene 4.

\* KENT. A sovereign shame *so elbows* him.

\* How could my predecessors reconcile this reading?—*so elbows him!* This, contrasted with our Author’s text, affords, I think, as ludicrous a

corruption as can be met with in these plays; but see what the change of a single letter effects; and what sublimity is obtained in place of nonsense. Our Author wrote,

' A sovereign shame *soul bows* him : his own unkindness  
 That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her  
 To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights  
 To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting  
 His mind so venomously, that burning shame  
 Detains him from Cordelia.'

' A sovereign shame so oppresses the soul of Lear, for his unnatural treatment of the virtuous Cordelia, that he cannot command sufficient resolution to behold her. Any reader who thinks this phrase requires an example, will find one almost *verbatim*, in Psalm lvii.'

' Cymbeline. Act I, Scene 5.

' IACHIMO. You are a friend, and therein the wiser.

' Neither Dr. Warburton's nor Dr. Johnson's explanation has correspondent force to illustrate this corrupt passage. Dr. Warburton reads,—You are *afraid*: but Posthumus is not afraid, for he has just offered to stake ten thousand ducats on Imogen's chastity. We should read,

' You are *affianc'd*, and therein the wiser.

' Iachimo is aware that the lady to whom Posthumus alludes, is his wife; and as he has said that the ring is a *part* of his finger, so his wife being a *part* of himself, the artful Italian tells him, that he is *affianced*, and therein the wiser, to retain both his wife and his ring.

' The word *affianced* was not sufficiently legible in the manuscript, and being a word not in common use, the compositor made out *a friend*.\*

' Act III, Scene 6.

' IMOGEN. Would it had been so, that they  
 Had been my father's sons! then had my *prize*  
 Been less; and so more equal ballasting  
 To thee, Posthumus.

' Though the meaning is understood, I believe the text corrupt. Imogen, as heiress of the king, is a weight in the national scales, that much more than equipoises any subject; but had the king not lost his sons, then must her weight, comparatively, have been but of little importance; and Posthumus would have approached nearer to a counterpoise. Is it not evident, then, that Shakspeare wrote,

' \_\_\_\_\_ then had my *poize*  
 Been less; and so more equal ballasting  
 To thee, Posthumus.

' Thus, all obscurity is removed by substituting an *o* for an *r*.

\* Mr. Jackson's suggestion will appear the more conclusive to those who are aware that it was the practice in old MSS. to write the initial *f* double, as is still done in attorney's offices. *Affianced* might therefore be the more easily mistaken for *a friend*. R. V.

\* Timon of Athens. Act V, Scene 3.

\* MESSENGER. I met a courier, once mine ancient friend ;—  
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,  
Yet our old love made a particular force,  
And *made* us speak like friends :—

\* The obscurity of this passage arises from the repetition of the word *made*. This error is certainly the compositor's, and arose from his having so recently composed a similar word in sound and characters, which also afforded a good sense to him ; who, in the progress of his work, perceived not the tautology. We should read,

\* Yet our old love made a particular force,  
And *bade* us speak as friends.

\* Othello. Act I, Scene 3.

\* BRABANTIO. ————— I never yet did hear,  
That the bruised heart was *pierced* through the ear.'

This is in the answer of Brabantio to the 'sentences' of the Duke of Venice, in mitigation of his grief for the loss of Desdemona. Mr. Jackson reads, as we think the sense requires,

' That the bruised heart was *pieced* through the ear.'

The sentiment is of the same nature with that so beautifully expressed by Milton in his Samson Agonistes :

\* Many are the sayings of the wise,  
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,  
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude ;  
And to the bearing well of all calamities,  
All chances incident to man's frail life,  
Consolatories writ  
With studied argument, and much persuasion fraught,  
Lenient of grief and anxious thought :  
But with the afflicted in his pangs, their sound  
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune  
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint.

\* Othello. Act III, Scene 2.

\* DESDEMONA. Either in *discourse* of thought, or actual deed.

\* \* \* \* I am strongly inclined to think, that in this instance we receive another example of the transcriber's having mistaken the sound of the word, and that our Author wrote,

\* Either in *discursive* thought, or actual deed.

\* Scene 3.

\* DESDEMONA. My mother had a maid, call'd — Barbara ;  
She was in love ; and he she lov'd prov'd *mad*,  
And did forsake her.

\* Dr. Johnson thinks that by the word *mad* is meant *wild, frantic, uncertain* : and Mr. Ritson, that it *ought* to mean *inconstant*. However,

I scarcely think, though the allusion is to *inconstancy*, that it can possibly be forced out of the present text.

' The *d* compartment, in the letter case, is exactly over that of the *n*, and frequently the *d*'s fall into the *n* box. In my opinion our Author wrote,

' She was in love ; and he she lov'd prov'd *man*  
And did forsake her.'

' Romeo and Juliet. Act III, Scene 2.

' JULIET. Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !  
That *run-aways* eyes may wink.

' On the compound word *run-aways*, an infinity of learned comment has been expended, but all in vain : yet, according to the orthography of Shakspeare's time, the transposition of a single letter gives the original word ; and produces so clear a meaning, that neither the Greek of Judge Blackstone, nor the laboured elucidations of the other commentators, are necessary. Our great poet wrote,

' Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !  
That *unawares* eyes may wink, &c.

\* \* \* \* What can possibly be more simple ? Now see how the error originated. The old mode of spelling *unawares* was *unawayrs* : the word had, what printers term, a literal error, that is, such as an *o* for an *r*, in the correcting of which, having taken out the *o*, the compositor placed the *r* at the beginning of the word, and thus turned *unawayrs* to *runaways*.

Mr. Jackson has not quite done justice to his own suggestion. *Unawares* was seldom, if ever, spelt *unawayrs*, as he supposes ; but a common mode of writing the *r* in old MSS. partly below the line, may easily have led to its being read *y* ; thus *Vnawages* might have been mistaken for *unawayes*, and the compositor having so read it, would take it for granted that an *r* had been omitted by mistake at the beginning.

' Comedy of Errors. Act II, Scene 1.

' ADRIANA. How if your husband start some other *where* ?

' The commentators seem to have fixed their attention on the wrong word : the passage is evidently corrupt. I read, as I believe the Author wrote,

' How, if your husband's *heart's* some otherwhere ?

' This is a natural question, and so familiar where jealousy operates, that I think it incontrovertible. *Other where* should read *otherwhere*. A subsequent passage justifies both corrections :

' I know his eye doth homage *otherwhere*.'

' When a wife says that *her husband's eye doth homage otherwhere*, she must be understood to mean that his *heart is elsewhere engaged*.'

After giving specimens adapted to convey so favourable an impression to the reader, of the ingenuity of Mr. Jackson's book,

as the above, we regret that we cannot promise equal satisfaction with the entire volume. The unfortunate necessity of *making a book*, has prevailed upon Mr. Jackson to sacrifice his estimation with persons of real judgement, by the accumulation of a mass of fanciful and paltry *substitutions*—certainly not *emendations*—in the text of Shakspeare, which we scruple not to assert Mr. J.'s conscience must have told him at the time he was putting them to paper, would rest their only chance of acceptance, even as suggestions, in the easiness or somnolency of the reader. What can be more adapted to throw ridicule upon all verbal criticism, than such specimens of it as the following :

‘ Love’s Labour Lost. Act IV, Scene 3.

‘ BIRON. I am betray’d, by keeping company  
With *moon-like* men, of strange inconstancy.

‘ The old copies read, “ With *men-like* men.” The present reading is supplied by Mr. M. Mason. The penetration of Mr. Mason is generally very acute; but in this instance, I cannot concur in opinion, that our Author wrote *moon-like* men.

‘ The moon’s changes being established by the order of nature, and governed by system, cannot be termed *inconstant*: [What is more common than the figure?] from month to month, and to eternity, the same system produces the same effects. What similarity, then, can be drawn between an *inconstant man*, who has no fixed principle to govern his actions, and the moon, which, since the creation of the world, has never varied from its established order?

‘ Now, in my opinion, the text in the old copies,—“ *men-like* men,” is not so far removed from good sense as our commentators have imagined; and the native error is owing to a break rule, thus: (—) being taken by the compositor for a hyphen. See the error corrected:

‘ I am betray’d, by keeping company  
With *men-like* men of strange inconstancy.

‘ Surely, nothing can be clearer. Biron means, that he is ashamed to have associated with men, who, by deviating from their solemn vow, have acted *like men of strange inconstancy*, i. e. like men devoid of stability.’

And, we suppose, it is equally clear that the pronoun *who*, the verb *have*, and the participle *acted*, are *understood*, and that this is a usual and known form of ellipsis!

‘ Winter’s Tale. Act II, Scene 1.

‘ LEONTES. He has discover’d my design, and I  
Remain a *pinch’d* thing.

• • • I am strongly of opinion that our Author wrote,

‘ He has discover’d my design, and I  
Remain a *perch’d* thing.

‘ i. e. like a bird, roosted in its cage, on which its keepers may play

tricks at their will or pleasure. Leontes thought that he had Polixenes caged, but he finds himself to be the caged bird, and that Polixenes has escaped.

‘ It appears that the compositor mistook the *er* in the word *perch'd*, for *in*; the rest of the characters are perfect.

‘ Macbeth. Act I, Scene 9.

‘ MACBETH. Come what come may,  
Time and the *hour* runs through the roughest day.

‘ This passage seems corrupt. An *hour* is a space of time, therefore tautology. I am persuaded our Author wrote :

‘ Time and the *honour* runs through the roughest day.

‘ Macbeth, somewhat overcome by scrupulous fears, seems inclined to leave the event of being king to chance. “ Happen what will,” says he, “ even should the *honour* be mine; as time must run through the roughest day, so must time terminate my greatness.”

‘ The compositor having composed *ho*, &c.

‘ Timon of Athens. Act V, Scene 1.

‘ PAINTER. When the day serves, before *dark-corner'd* night.

‘ Various corrections have been proposed by my predecessors to free this passage from obscurity; but all appear too *dark* to admit a brilliant metaphor. I believe the poet wrote,

‘ When the day serves, before *dark-horned* night;  
which alludes to the *horns* or crescent of the moon.

‘ Othello. Act II, Scene 3.

‘ IAGO. Three *Lads* of Cyprus.

‘ The folio has—Three *else* of Cyprus. From either of these readings we may derive a meaning, but both are insufficient in point of spirit. I am of opinion we should read—Three *elks* of Cyprus. Alluding to the wild principles of wanton youth.

We cannot afford time to trace Mr. Jackson through the equally luminous and convincing observations, by which he shews that—‘ We are the queen's *objects*, and must obey;’ (King Richard III. Act I, Scene 1,) has crept in by mistake, for, ‘ We are the queen's *objects*, and must obey.’

‘ ————— Admirable : How this grace  
Speaks his own standing.

Timon of Athens. Act I, Scene 1.

for

‘ ————— How this grace  
Speaks ! 'tis one standing ! &c.

‘ If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.

Romeo and Juliet. Act V, Scene 1.

for

‘ If I may trust the flattering eye off sleep, &c.

‘ ————— our wealth increas’d,  
By prosperous voyages I often made  
To Epidamnum : till my factor’s death,  
And he (great care of goods at random left)\*  
Drew me from the kind embracements of my spouse.

Comedy of Errors. Act I, Scene 1.

for ‘ And heed great caves of goods at random left, &c.

‘ Rather than I would be so pil’d esteem’d.

First Part King Henry VI. Act I, Scene 4,

for ‘ Rather than I would be sop-oil’d esteem’d.

‘ ————— The hearts  
That spaniel’d me at heels.

Antony and Cleopatra. Act IV, Scene 10.

for ‘ ————— The hearts  
That pan-kneel’d me at heels.’

‘ ————— So I leave you  
To the protection of the prosperous gods,  
As thieves to keepers.

Timon of Athens. Act V, Scene 2.

for ‘ ————— So I leave you  
To the protection of the phosphorus gods, &c.

‘ Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale,—

Pericles. Act III, Scene 1.

for ‘ And area-manesing lamps, &c.

‘ They’re here with me already ; whispering rounding  
Sicilia is a so-forth.

Winter’s Tale. Act I, Scene 2.

for ‘ Sicilia is a sea-froth.

and ‘ ————— I have no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o’erleaps itself,  
And falls on the other.

Macbeth. Act I, Scene 7.

for ‘ And falls on theory.’

Our readers will at least see that it is the misfortune of a large proportion of Mr. Jackson’s emendations, that they are

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\* The obscurity may be in a great measure removed, by placing the parenthesis at the beginning of the line, instead of before great. Rev.

full as much in need of a paraphrase, as the present text. How he acquires himself of this task, they may form an idea, from one specimen :

‘ Sicilia is a sea-froth,—

‘ i. e. a mere nothing; like the rejected froth which the ocean casts upon the beach of Sicily.’

‘ But though the passage as restored, (and, I presume, to the original reading,) affords this elucidation; yet it is susceptible of another, more closely veiled.

‘ Sea-froth is the scum of the deep: so Leontes thinks himself the dupe of the designing.’

Much has been said about the knack of reviewers in turning a book into unmerited jest; but we defy all the reviewers in existence to add one iota of absurdity to passages of this sort, (of which Mr. Jackson has a very copious sprinkling,) by any dexterity of combination or omission.

Some few of Mr. J.’s readings, we would also suggest to him, are not entirely original. For instance :

‘ —— And from him,

Give you all greetings, that a king, *as friend*,  
Can send his brother’—

Winter’s Tale. Act V, Scene 1.

which Mr. Jackson reads, ‘ that a king, *as friend*,’ &c. is so in Tonson’s edition of 1709, 8vo.

So, his emendation of—

‘ —— You some permit  
To second ills with ills, each *elder worse*;  
And make them dread it to the doer’s thrift.’

Cymbeline. Act V, Scene 1.

‘ To second ills with ills, each *ill the worse*,’ might seem to have been suggested by the same edition, which reads,

‘ To second ills with ills, each *worse than other*.’

We lay little stress upon such observations as these, which may owe their existence to pure accidents; but we have been forcibly impressed, in several instances, with the radical want of *conception* which Mr. Jackson displays, for many of the real beauties of Shakspeare, and which induces us to look with a very distrustful eye at his qualifications for a commentator.

What can exhibit it more strongly than the following note on the

‘ Winter’s Tale. Act V, Scene 3.

‘ LEONTES. The *fixure* of her eye has motion in’t  
As we are mock’d with art.’

‘ In Dr. Johnson’s Dictionary, to illustrate the word *fixture*, this passage is given: and here we find, in what is termed the corrected text

(by Johnson and Steevens), the word *fixure*. I would ask, how is this to be reconciled, but that I deem either *fixture* or *fixure* equally corrupt.

'The organ of sight has three prominent features: the pupil, the eye-lid, and the eye-lash; these are parts of the eye; but what part of the eye is "the *fixure*," and which "has motion in it?" We may say, the *fixing* of her eyes so sternly on him made him start;—for this speaks the action of the eyes: but it is the *open* of the eye—the *pupil*, and its movements, that strikes Leontes with astonishment; for we cannot suppose that Hermione could remain, as it were inanimate, and free from agitation, on so trying an occasion; and all must admit that with the least movement of the head, the eye moves also. From these premises, I am convinced the text is corrupt, and that our Author wrote:

'The *fixure* of her eye has motion in't,  
As we are mock'd with art.'

'The *closing* of the eye, and the *opening* of the eye, are terms too familiar to require comment: a *fissure* is a cleft or *opening*: therefore Hermione's eyes being *open*, she could not prevent them from moving; and which was immediately observed by Leontes.

'I must again repeat that no *part of the eye* can be called either the *fixture* or *fixure*.' &c.

If we had not read these very puerile observations, it would never have occurred to us that the text of Shakspeare required any explanation. Every one who is in the slightest degree conversant with art, knows, that if a portrait is painted with the eyes of the sitter directed on the painter, the eyes in the picture will always appear fixed on the person who looks at it; and if he change his position by walking to and fro, the eyes will appear to follow him in every direction, even to the extreme corners, till the picture is lost in the obliquity of the point of view. The circumstance is often observed by children, who run backwards and forwards before a picture so painted, to see its eyes follow them from side to side. This *mockery of art* is very happily alluded to by Shakspeare in the above passage, and we might have sought the dictionary through for words more poetically or more accurately descriptive of it than those which he uses.

'The *fixure* of her eye has motion in't,  
As we are mock'd by art.'

But how does Mr. Jackson's *restored* text negative all the beauty of the passage!

In several other instances his alterations are not only unnecessary, but destructive; the attempt to improve originates solely in an impotent conception of the real meaning.

Thus, when Iago says,

'Though in the trade of war I have slain men,  
Yet do I hold it very *stuff o'* the conscience  
To do no contriv'd murder.'

Mr. Jackson cannot conceive that *stuff* can have any other signification than that in which we use it when we say, "Pooh! 'stuff!'" and therefore he must have it,

' Yet do I hold it very *tough* o' the conscience  
To do no contriv'd murder.'

In Macbeth : Act II, Scene 1.

' ————— Thus with stealthy pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing *strides*, towards his design  
Moves like a ghost.'

Mr. J. quarrels with the phrase, *ravishing strides*, as inconsistent with 'stealthy pace,' and moving 'like a ghost;' and having found that the old copy reads—' With Tarquin's ravishing *sides*,' he tells us, 'Take away the first *s* in *sides*, and place 'an *a* before the terminating *s*, and you have the Author's words :

' With Tarquin's ravishing *ideas*.'

If Mr. J. had referred to Cymbeline, Act II, Scene 2, he would have found Shakspeare making a similar allusion to Tarquin's 'ravishing,' but still 'stealthy strides,' when Iachimo is stealing from the trunk to the couch of Imogen, to obtain her bracelet.

' ————— Our Tarquin *thus*,  
Did softly press the rushes, e'er he wak'd  
The chastity he wounded.'

Indeed, what is more natural than that a person endeavouring to avoid being heard, should take the longest steps possible, in order to diminish the number and the risk?

The contested passage,

' I have liv'd long enough : my way of life,' &c.

Macbeth. Act V, Scene 3.

was too tempting to be left untouched by Mr. Jackson, and his correction has at least the recommendation of being entirely new. 'A trifling error,' Mr. J. remarks, 'has vitiated the sense,' which he thus corrects :

' I have liv'd long enough ; my way *of* life  
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,' &c.

Were this reading introduced on the stage, it would at least be certain of being adopted with acclamation by the audience.

Another instance of deficiency of conception, appears to us to display itself in the observations on the passage,

' ————— his rear'd arm  
Crested the world.'

Ant. and Cleop. Act V, Scene 2.

Mr. J. thinks the passage corrupt. 'How [That] his arm

'was to crest the world,' he remarks, 'is such an hyperbole, that it goes beyond figure:' he reads,

'——— his rear'd arm  
Clefted the world.'

We apprehend the expression to be amply within the license of poetry, and it is, in our view, a beauty rather than a corruption. That the arm of Antony 'crested (o'ertopped) the 'world,' is no more hyperbolic, than that 'his legs bestrid the 'ocean.' The phrase carries on the idea with consistent grandeur.

Equally unnecessary appears to us the substitution of *ray* for *day*, in the passage

'——— O thou *day* of the world  
Chain mine arm'd neck;' &c.

addressed by Antony to Cleopatra. (Act IV, Scene 8.) 'A day,' says Mr. Jackson, 'being a space of time, cannot be personified in Cleopatra, so as to produce any happy effect. To us it seems sufficiently clear that *day* is used as a figure of speech for *light*, as *night* is for darkness. Mr. Jackson tells us that Antony is 'comparing Cleopatra to the sun's rays that encircle the earth.' Be it so; but his reading—'ray of the world,' is very deficient in embracing that idea.

With some few of Mr. Jackson's proposed readings, he seems to have stopped short half way of the emendation of which they are capable, according to his own suggestions. In the Tempest, Act I, Scene 2, for, 'Come forth, thou tortoise! When?' as addressed by Prospero to Caliban, he proposes to read 'Come forth thou *tortoise wen!* i. e. *thou animated excrescence*,' as Mr. Jackson explains it, and an explanation is certainly very necessary, of the compound 'tortoise wen.' We are not, however, aware that *tortoise* is ever put adjectively, by way of figure, to signify *animated*, though *wen* is certainly an *excrescence*. Why not read, 'Come forth, thou *tortoise wen!*'—Again; King Lear: Act IV, Scene 2.

'EDGAR. Ten masts at *each* make not the altitude,  
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell.'

**Mr. Jackson** remarks,

'There is nothing more common with compositors, than to omit the first word, where two, immediately connected, begin with the same letter: such I believe has been the case in the present passage.—I am strongly of opinion that our author wrote

'Ten masts at *end* each make not the altitude  
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell.'

Why not strike out *each* altogether? The sense and the metre are both perfect by the mere substitution of *end* for *each*;

words which in careless manuscript might easily be mistaken for each other.

On the other hand, he sometimes carries his love of typographical transformations beyond the bounds of necessity; as in

'Measure for Measure: Act II, Scene 4.

'ANGELO Admit no other way to save his life  
As I subscribe not that, nor any other,  
*But* in the loss *of* question.'

Mr. Jackson says 'we should read,

*Put in the loss in question.*'

Why is it necessary to change the *but*?

We cannot compliment Mr. Jackson upon his style of thinking or writing. It is distinguished in an eminent degree by an indistinctness and irrelevancy of ideas, a vulgarity of taste, a flippancy of manner, and an unceasing arrogance of assertion, which, were it any thing but ludicrous, would be appalling. The language of Mr. J. in this particular, is not that of a person who, at the distance of upwards of two centuries, is offering suggestions for the possible *restoration* of a text obscured by the concurrence of the most extraordinary negligence and infidelity in the early copies, and the evanescent material of a temporized and often slang-woven language; but of one who, having by some wonderful accident of fortune, come into possession of an autograph copy of the 'plays,' corrected for the press by the author, was exulting over the laborious misceptions and futile controversies of former editors. We thank Mr. Jackson for his book, as furnishing several important and simple emendations (not to say restorations) of our *reading* Shakspeare, but we wish he had got any body to write it but himself.

Art. IV. *The Revival of Popery*; its Intolerant Character, Political

Tendency, encroaching Demands, and unceasing Usurpations: detailed in a Series of Letters to William Wilberforce, Esq. M.P. With an Appendix; containing copious Extracts from the Notes, inculcating Persecution, which are annexed to the authorized Roman Catholic Bible, and Remarks on the wilful Corruption of the Holy Scripture. By William Blair, Esq. A.M. 8vo. pp. 252. 1819.

"THE *Revival of Popery*" implies its previous decline.

With what period of the past history of that pernicious superstition and destructive tyranny, is it intended to compare its present fortunes? Certainly not with its circumstances at any very distant date. A few centuries only are past, since it possessed a most commanding station, overlooking and overawing the population of Europe, whose senates and princes trembled under its rod, and crouched like slaves beneath

its feet ; when its thunders roared from the Vatican, and its lightning blazed, and burned, and consumed in the direction of its fury. With the grandeur and the power of Popery in other times, we can compare its present condition, only to learn how much it has fallen : its glory is departed, its strength is become weakness. The light which at first revealed its deformities, has ever since been increasing in splendour, only to display them with greater effect, and the victories of its first successful opponents have been followed with fresh triumphs, the interests which it denounced as endangering its authority, have eluded its stratagems and become powerful, and, to a great extent, where Popery once enjoyed an undivided empire, truth and liberty, against which this tyranny would wage an exterminating warfare, are scattering their inestimable blessings. We would not forget what Popery once was ; we would think of it as it now is, that we may be sensible of the goodness of that Being who has wrought so many deliverances for the humble and despised assertors of religion and freedom, and who has reserved us to these times, to witness the great results of their intrepid conflicts, in the knowledge and liberty which, beyond all precedent, are now prevailing.

In attempting to demonstrate the revival of Popery, the Author of these Letters refers the Honourable Gentleman to whom they are addressed, ‘ to the religious state of Papal Europe at present, compared with what it was twenty or thirty years ago ; and to the numerous converts to Popery (some thousands) obtained from the inhabitants of Great Britain during the same period.’ Now it appears to us, that Mr. Blair has assigned too distant a date to one part of the comparison. ‘ Thirty years ago,’ would point to a time when Europe was, it would seem, more truly Papal than she is at this moment. Ecclesiastical authority had not then received that stroke by which its very foundations have been shaken ; and the superstitions of Popery were then protected by an enslaved spirit, which has since disengaged itself from its fetters, and has cast off the inveterate prejudice that had long attached it to Romish customs and external forms of ceremonious worship. Compared with what it was in Europe, at that period, the present state of Popery is scarcely to be reckoned a revival of it, for though in that country which has been so fearfully agitated by the political storms of the last twenty or thirty years, there has been an increase of the agents of Popery, the feelings and circumstances favourable to its support and stability have not been restored either to those who would rule, or to those who must be ruled when its authority is predominant. The spell of priesthood, broken at the revolution, has not again bound up the people in France ; and as nothing is more difficult to be revived

in an age of increasing knowledge, than systems of superstition, it may fairly be presumed, that whatever may be the longings of Popish abettors after their halcyon days, Popery is not likely to recover its degradations and its fall on that part of the Continent.

Extending our survey therefore through the last twenty or thirty years of events on the Continent, we would console ourselves with the conclusion that Popery has been diminished; and we would fondly hope that the diffusion of light, clearer and more powerful than has yet been instrumental in dispelling the errors and correcting the practice of a people who were once so duped and oppressed by the ministers of Popery, will prevent the attempt again to enslave them; or, should it be made, will overcome opposition, and lead to results of a most desirable and felicitous kind.

But that within the above period Popery has revived in Great Britain, is, we think, incontrovertible; the proofs which Mr. Blair produces of this fact, are strong and convincing. The causes of this increase in the adherents and converts to Popery, are deserving, we apprehend, of an investigation which, it should seem, they have never yet received. We cannot now enter upon the consideration of them, but we would recommend the inquiry to our readers, and particularly would we advise the writer of these letters to direct his thoughts to it, as a subject pregnant with salutary instruction.

With the exception of this last particular, the change in our internal religious relations, Mr. Blair assigns as his proofs of the revival of Popery, the re-establishment in many places, of the dormant or suppressed institutions of the Church of Rome, particularly the restoration of the Jesuits, 'the Pope's best 'Bulwark,' as this Order has been emphatically named, and 'the re-opening of those horrible instruments of tyranny, the 'prison-doors of the Holy Tribunal of the Inquisition,' profanely so called. But these are occurrences of very recent date: only five years ago, the 'Order of Jesus' was an abolished Order, and the doors of the Inquisition were unhinged and broken. With the events of the last five years, therefore, the revival of Popery is identified by Mr. Blair, and it is well worthy inquiry how such a connexion has been established, and how such results have been produced.

We certainly do not mean to represent Popery in any other light than that in which it is proper it should be placed. We entirely accord in sentiment with the Author of these letters, as to its character and tendency; and we shall willingly and cordially do him the justice to recommend to the attentive perusal and consideration of our readers, the statements and arguments which he has furnished. We feel it a most important duty to

guard the best liberties of mankind, and to secure their highest interests, and a fair full disclosure of the nature and history of Popery, we certainly think to be one of those means. We could wish that these letters had in some respects been different; but as they are, we find enough in them to induce us at once to thank the Author, and to do our best towards exciting the public attention towards them.

The spirit and object of these Letters may be ascertained from the following queries.

'Sir, allow me to ask you, Whether Popery be an evil? Whether it does not still exist? Whether it has undergone any radical change since the days of CRAMMER and LUTHER? Whether the Papal religion be not in fact unchangeable, and every where the same, because deemed infallibly true? Whether or no we be indebted to those Martyrs, by whom the Reformation was introduced into Great Britain? Whether we ought not to feel grateful for the blessings of a subsequent Revolution in 1688, by a different class of heroes? Whether you be prepared to revoke all the legislative Acts of our pious forefathers, by which the full exercise of religious and civil liberty has so long been ensured? Whether you really think that a Protestant Church can long co-exist and flourish with Popery, in Ireland, if a hundred Lay-Papists shall sit in Parliament; and if the bulwarks of our present Constitution be undermined, in order to admit them? Lastly, I ask, Whether you then would, or could consistently, refuse Popish Prelates and Apostolical Vicars a place (if it be demanded) in the House of Lords, or prevent their devoted friends from filling all the chief *judicial* offices in Ireland?

'Sir, these are most serious and weighty questions; which, if you cannot answer in an instant, should make you pause, and reflect before you again vote for legislative measures that may possibly be fatal, and are not denied by yourself to be hazardous, to our best national privileges.' pp. 11, 12.

The Third Letter commences with the following paragraph.

'SIR,

'Though I should be one of the last men in this kingdom to wish for any interference with the religion of those who differ from me, by positive restraints or legal prohibitions; yet every government has a perfect right to know what progress is made, or effects arise, in the State, from any other religion than that which is deemed national, and what number of converts there may be, as well as what principles or means are employed for propagating such religion. If unrestricted liberty be granted, or only solicited, to teach the mass of the people, it is highly proper for the Legislature to ask whether the Petitioners and religious teachers do not promulgate doctrines subversive of civil society, or at least injurious to the settled form of government: otherwise, a legal encouragement and effective support may unwittingly be given to a set of men (like Mahomedans) who hold it right and just to use corporeal force, or inflict temporal chastisement, or even to maintain their religion by fire and sword.' pp. 16, 17.

To the correctness of the principle which is thus assumed by the Author, we are not by any means prepared to give our assent, nor do we think that Mr. Blair himself is prepared to admit the substantial justice of the position he so strongly asserts. Every government unquestionably possesses the right of watching over the interests of civil society, and therefore the cognizance of civil objects is entirely appropriate to the office of the civil rulers; but to religious objects their authority cannot with justice be directed. Over the religious opinions of their subjects, rulers possess no right of interference; their competence has no other range than 'the *effects*' that arise in the State, which are opposed to its well-being, and this right is irrespective of men's religious tenets and profession. Mr. Blair would not employ positive restraints or legal prohibitions in the service of the State, against persons who differ from himself in religious profession; but can these be excluded from the office which he has assigned to Government? Can any doubt be felt, that the teachers of religious doctrines which are opposed to the tenets of the 'national' religion, have ever, at the commencement of an active dissent, been represented as in hostility to the settled form of government, and as promulgating doctrines subversive of civil society? What other character did Christianity itself assume in the eyes of the Jewish 'Legislature,' at the time of its original propagation?

Mr. Blair animadverts with great severity on the countenance and assistance afforded by many Protestants, to the erection of Roman Catholic Chapels, and particularly notices the 'building of Moorfields Chapel, on a most advantageous piece of freehold ground, kindly and generously offered by the City of London.'

'This "eligible and central situation" for an immensely capacious Mass House, in the very heart of the metropolis, is afforded most cheerfully by its pious Citizens, at a time when Roman Catholics are clamorous for *secular power*, and are ready to seize the reins of civil Government as one of their political rights!!! Thus shall we soon behold "A TEMPLE RAISED FOR THE TRUE WORSHIP OF GOD, NOT UNWORTHY OF THIS GREAT CITY." See an Address, in the Laity's Directory for 1819; signed "W.M. POYNTER, Bishop of Halia, V.A.L." i. e. Vicar Apostolic of the London District. Now may we therefore cry, "POPERY FOR EVER."

'Sir, I am obliged to be serious; for I really do not write ironically, or in extravagant language, when I say that these symptoms of public "*liberality*," by the leaders of a vast concentrated population, strike me with awful apprehensions of what may follow at no distant period! "How is the fine gold become dim!" Surely we have degenerated from the faith and piety of our martyred Reformers in the days of bloody Queen Mary! Where, Sir, are the noble principles of young

Edward and his Preceptor? Has not the glory of our English Reformation departed? Never, never would I revive the accursed spirit of persecution; but I would recall the fervent piety and zeal of pristine times, which gave birth to Cranmer, Ridley, Farrer, Latimer, Tindale, Frith, Barnes, Coverdale, Rogers, Bradford, Taylor, Philpot, Hooper, Jewel, Fox, Parker, Nowel, Hooker, &c. men whose names and Christian views were once dear to *even the Citizens of London*, and whose memory You cherish in the deepest recesses of your heart. But what would THEY have said of Protestant Statesmen, Magistrates, or Merchants, who offer their land, or money, or influence, to build a splendid Popish Mass House almost on the spot where Reformers had preached and Martyrs died? Did our forefathers toil, and bleed, and burn, for such "*liberal*" descendants as these? Yet this case is by no means uncommon in other large towns: nor can we wonder if Maynooth and Stonyhurst Colleges next shall become the archetypes of similar edifices, near Waterloo Place, or St. Stephen's antiquated walls. Then will British candour and liberality have arrived at the very height of perfection!!! pp. 40, 41.

The Author attempts to prove, in these Letters, that the genius of Popery is ever the same, and it appears to us that he does prove it with complete success. The *principles* on which the Roman Catholic Church still acts, and the *motives* by which she is governed, are developed in a forcible manner, from the authentic documents which the rulers of that Church have so recently furnished. No doubt can, we think, be entertained by any impartial reader, that what Popery has been, its directors at Rome would wish it to be again. Could they release it from the control under which it is at present placed by the prevalence of knowledge and an enlightened practice, the result, and some of the best effects of Protestantism, they would instantly set it free, and accompany its resumption of its dormant attributes, with their expressions of high admiration and delight. Every thing that Protestantism includes in its elements, would be put down, and nothing would be permitted to exist but what belongs to Popery. To this part of Mr. Blair's work, too much attention cannot in our opinion be given; and every reader of his collected proofs must be convinced that the radical, the unchanged and unchangeable character of Popery, is *Intolerance*. They will become sensible, if on such a point they are not already persuaded, that whatever may be the mildness and charity of some Roman Catholic writers in our own country, and their professions of liberality, it is not from them that our opinions must be formed, but from those whom they are not permitted to control; from the measures which the Vatican has suggested, and from the declarations which it has sent abroad. Mr. Butler may be prepared to allow liberty to his neighbour, in religious opinions and practice different from his own; but Mr. Butler is

not the 'Roman Catholic Church,' and this allows of no liberty in religion: it proscribes every other profession as heresy, and it looks to every species of dissent, with a determination to destroy it. Can it be supposed, that if circumstances permitted, the court of Rome would not at this very moment suppress Protestantism in all and every of its forms? And would not the dependants of the 'Vicar of Christ' be found ready at their posts, to direct the instruments of destruction to the mark? We would answer every insinuation and every assertion made by 'liberal Roman Catholics,' that the spirit of past ages is extinct in that communion, by the production of facts which they cannot invalidate. The Rulers of your Church, we would tell them, declare every species of religious profession out of its own pale, to be heresy, and that no heresy is to be spared. They are animated by implacable hatred to Protestantism, and wish for nothing so much as an opportunity to root it out for ever. We would direct the attention of Protestants, not to Mr. Butler's books, but to bulls and proclamations from the head quarters of Popery, at Rome. From these they may clearly perceive what Popery is determined on accomplishing, if ever an appropriate state of circumstances should be found to suit its wishes. Mr. Butler, we well know, owes implicit obedience to his own Church, and is totally destitute of authority as an interpreter of her will. How much of truth there is in the following passage, our readers will do well to inquire.

' Doubtless, Sir, you know that the Popes have also delegated certain powers to four Vicars Apostolic, absolutely to govern all the English and Scotch Roman Catholics who will submit to them. The tyranny with which they execute their ecclesiastical function, has often been loudly complained of, and is sometimes very annoying to both the Priests and Laymen of that communion: but it is the opinion of many great Statesmen, that such Apostolical Agents "*should be expressly prohibited, within this realm,*" from any longer exercising their unconstitutional powers; in which opinion the late Speaker (now Lord Colchester) quite agrees.'

' In his admirable Speech of May 24, 1813, on the "Relief Bill," his Lordship said, "The Apostolic Vicars are the direct diplomatic agents of the Papal See, governing ecclesiastically HALF A MILLION of His Majesty's subjects in Great Britain. By their offices they are bound to execute the mandates of the Pope, *without the power of hesitation or deliberation*; and these mandates, so delivered, the great majority of the English Roman Catholics have conceived themselves conscientiously bound to obey. This was the complaint loudly made by the English Roman Catholics in 1790; and it is for their protection, as well as for our own safety, THAT NO SUCH OFFICE SHOULD BE TOLERATED WITHIN THE KING'S DOMINIONS."

' In particular, he recommended that "some provision should be made (by the Legislature) for imposing an effectual restraint upon spi-

ritual excommunication, so far as to deprive it of *all civil consequences.*" He stated, that "many and grievous were the sentences of this sort, which are known to have occurred, both in England and Ireland, in our own times: and it may be enough now to refer to the melancholy fate of those persons who were excommunicated in 1791, for their *civil conduct* in these memorable transactions; and whose misfortunes have been so often and so feelingly lamented, by the English Roman Catholics. Such sentences are derogatory to the *civil rights* of the subject, and in this free country *they should no longer be endured.* Some provisions for remedying these grievances," he observed, "could not be otherwise than acceptable to peaceable and conscientious Roman Catholics;" yet the omission of such a desirable request in the late Petition to Parliament, he said further, must "tend to demonstrate, that **RELIGIOUS LIBERTY WAS NOT THE REAL OBJECT OF THE PROMOTERS OF THIS BILL, BUT POLITICAL ASCENDANCY.**" pp. 99, 100.

"THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT, which forms the basis of Protestantism, and tends to destroy spiritual tyranny, has always been opposed by Roman Catholics, on account of the *infallibility* of their Church. Hence it happens, that every man presuming to doubt of their system, and to think wholly for himself, will be deemed an obstinate rebel. To persevere in disbelieving, leads necessarily to a state of independence and schism. It next, therefore, becomes requisite for Ecclesiastics to threaten and denounce the offender, who is said to have fallen into a mortal sin, which demands auricular confession and priestly absolution: but if a culprit be not thus restored, nothing remains to be done, except a civil magistrate will execute vengeance on the condemned person, now expelled; who yet is canonically held fast, as a subject deserting from his first Lord, and is deemed by the Church *still liable to death.*

"This procedure is very different from an act of self-defence and preservation, in a temporal Sovereign; which is not grounded on any mere obliquity of opinion, or speculative error, but upon some outward injury done to the commonwealth, some personal injustice or violence. The former is religious persecution, the latter is political prudence; the one is purely an affair between God and his creature, the other is a business concerning two or more members of a society. The Church of Rome claims this mental allegiance from every soul of man: her empire, though called spiritual, is secular and universal; nor does she conceive it possible for one human being, under any change of circumstances, to be dissolved from the obligation of obeying her dictates, because they are of Divine authority and origin. Such is her reasoning, and these are its *unsocial consequences.*

"When religion has become so blended with a bloody policy, that no provision is made for dissentients, toleration is impossible, and cruel laws will inevitably follow: a close alliance between worldly and spiritual objects is, therefore, always dangerous; as tending to debase Christianity and produce hypocrites. But the Church of Rome does not provide for dissenters, cannot allow them to enjoy free worship, cannot admit of any the least rivalry, cannot avoid arbitrary means of upholding itself; and,

consequently, never can cease to persecute others *when PHYSICAL power is acquired.* Its canon law, its system, its whole fabric, is a refined policy; moved and excited by an insatiate lust of dominion.

It was therefore wise and statesman-like in Lord Castlereagh to say, “Whilst the Roman Catholic Clergy feel a becoming confidence in the purity of their own intentions, and justly appeal to the tests by which they have solemnly disclaimed all the noxious tenets that have, in former times, been imputed to their Church; whilst they declare that they owe no obedience to the Pope, inconsistent with their duty as good subjects; and that their allegiance to the external Head of their Church is purely spiritual, and restricted to matters of faith and doctrine: *yet, they must be too well versed in the history of mankind not to feel, and to allow, that, SO LONG AS SPIRITUAL AUTHORITY IS EXERCISED BY MEN, IT IS PRONE TO MIX ITSELF IN TEMPORAL CONCERNS, more especially in matters which may be considered as affecting the interests of the Church itself, since a taste for power is inseparable from human nature; and that the times may return when the power and influence of the See of Rome, if not restrained by wholesome regulations, may be turned against the temporal interests and security of the State.*

“Why is the British Government alone, of all the powers in Europe, to remain exposed to a danger, against which it has been the invariable policy of other States, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant, to provide?”

See this whole Speech in Mr. Charles Butler's Historical Memoirs of the Catholics, Vol. II. Ch. xxxix. § 6.” pp. 101—103.

Mr. Blair appears to have felt it as a duty of strong obligation, to lay the contents of these Letters before the public, previously to the recent discussion of the Catholic claims in Parliament. That question is, by the late decision of the Legislature, disposed of for the present session, but in a manner that cannot be considered as very discouraging to the petitioners: they will probably at no distant time renew their efforts with better promise of success. Strongly as we are opposed to all intolerance, and cordially as we agree with Mr. Blair in his sentiments of the real character of Popery as the enemy of liberty, we cannot conceal our decided conviction that all penal statutes directed against religious profession, are unjust and oppressive, and that therefore the security of civil governments ought to be provided for by other means. We are perfectly aware of the difficulties in which, as a practical question, this subject may at the present moment be considered as involved. But we speak only of the abolition of all *religious* tests, and of penal statutes affecting religious profession, as such. Upon the complicated question of what is termed Catholic Emancipation, considered in its political bearings, we forbear to enter. How divided soever the better informed portion of the public may be, upon the policy of that measure, it is scarcely possible for a person of any religious feeling, to hesitate in deprecating the

scandalous perversion of a Divine institution, for the purpose of a political *test*.

The Appendix to these Letters is a collection of very important documents in proof of the intolerant principles circulated in the Notes to the Roman Catholic edition of the Bible, re-printed at Dublin, in 1816.

Art. V. *Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte.* 8vo.  
pp. 48. Oxford, 1819.

**T**HIS is a well managed and legitimate burlesque of Hume's scepticism. After adverting to the extraordinary tales current among us relative to this Napoleon Bonaparte, and to the wide discrepancies of opinion, of which his character and actions are the subjects, the Writer remarks :

' In the midst of these controversies the preliminary question, concerning the *existence* of this extraordinary personage, seems never to have occurred to any one as a matter of doubt ; and to shew even the smallest hesitation in admitting it, would probably be regarded as an excess of scepticism, on the ground that this point has always been taken for granted by the disputants on all sides, being indeed implied by the very nature of their disputes. But is it in fact found that *undisputed* points are always such as have been the most carefully examined as to the evidence on which they rest ? that facts or principles which are taken for granted, without controversy, as the common basis of opposite opinions, are always themselves established on sufficient grounds ? On the contrary, is not any such fundamental point, from the very circumstance of its being taken for granted at once, and the attention drawn off to some other question, likely to be admitted on insufficient evidence, and the flaws in that evidence overlooked ? Experience will teach us that such instances often occur : witness the well-known anecdote of the Royal Society ; to whom King Charles II. proposed as a question, whence it is that a vessel of water receives no addition of weight from a live fish being put into it, though it does if the fish be dead. Various solutions of great ingenuity were proposed, discussed, objected to, and defended ; nor was it till they had been long bewildered in the enquiry that it occurred to them to *try the experiment*, by which they at once ascertained, that the phenomenon which they were striving to account for—which was the acknowledged basis and substratum, as it were, of their debates—had no existence but in the invention of the witty monarch.'

pp. 5, 6.

The readiness with which men believe, (as Hume has remarked,) on very slight evidence, any story that pleases their imagination by its admirable and marvellous character, is utterly unworthy of a philosophical mind, which should rather suspend its judgement the more, in proportion to the strangeness of the account, and yield to none but the most decisive and unimpeachable proofs.

‘ Let it then be allowed us, as is surely reasonable, just to enquire, with respect to the extraordinary story I have been speaking of, on what evidence we believe it. We shall be told that it is *notorious*; i. e. in plain English, it is very much *talked about*: but as the generality of those who talk about Buonaparte do not even pretend to speak from *their own authority*, but merely to repeat what they have casually heard, we cannot reckon them as in any degree witnesses, but must allow ninety-nine hundredths of what we are told to be mere hear-say, which would not be at all the more worthy of credit if even it were repeated by ten times as many more. As for those who profess to have *personally known* Napoleon Buonaparte, and to have *themselves witnessed* his transactions, I write not for them: if *any such there be*, who are inwardly conscious of the truth of all they relate, I have nothing to say to them, but to beg that they will be tolerant and charitable towards their neighbours, who have not the same means of ascertaining the truth, and who may well be excused for remaining doubtful about such extraordinary events, till most unanswerable proofs shall be adduced.’ pp. 8, 9.

It is recommended, however, that we trace up this hear-say evidence, as far as we are able, towards its source.

‘ Most persons would refer to the *newspapers* as the authority from which their knowledge on the subject was derived; so that, generally speaking, we may say, it is on the testimony of the newspapers that men believe in the existence and exploits of Napoleon Buonaparte.’ p. 9.

But the authority of this ‘ newspaper evidence’ may be questioned; first, as to the means the editors have possessed of gaining correct information; secondly, as to the interest they may have in concealing truth, or propagating falsehood; and, thirdly, as to the agreement of their testimony.

‘ First, what means have the editors of newspapers for gaining correct information? We know not, except from their own statements; besides what is copied from other journals, foreign or British, (which is usually more than three-fourths of the news published,) they profess to refer to the authority of certain private correspondents abroad; who these correspondents are, what means *they* have of obtaining information, or whether they exist at all, we have no way of ascertaining; we find ourselves in the condition of the Hindoos, who are told by their priests, that the earth stands on an elephant, and the elephant on a tortoise, but are left to find out for themselves what the tortoise stands on, or whether it stands on any thing at all.’ pp. 11, 12.

The interest which the proprietors of newspapers have in the circulation of these marvellous narrations, is too obvious not to awaken suspicion.

‘ It may be urged, however, that there are several adverse political parties of which the various public prints are respectively the organs, and who would not fail to expose each other’s fabrications: doubtless they would, if they could do so without at the same time exposing *their own*; but identity of interests may induce a community of operations up

to a certain point ; and let it be observed, that the object of contention between these rival parties is, *who shall have the administration of public affairs, the controul of public expenditure, and the disposal of places* ; the question, I say, is, not whether the people shall be governed or not, but *by which party* they shall be governed ;—not whether the taxes shall be paid or not, but *who shall receive them*. Now it must be admitted, that Buonaparte is a political bugbear, most convenient to any administration : “ If you do not adopt our measures and reject those of our opponents, Buonaparte will be sure to prevail over you ; if you do not submit to the government, at least under *our* administration, this formidable enemy will take advantage of your insubordination to conquer and enslave you : pay your taxes cheerfully, or the tremendous Buonaparte will take all from you.” Buonaparte, in short, was the burden of every song, his redoubted name was the charm which always succeeded in unloosing the purse-strings of the nation. And let us not be too sure, safe as we now think ourselves, that some occasion may not occur for again producing on the stage so useful a personage : it is not merely to naughty children in the nursery that the threat of being “ given to Buonaparte” has proved effectual. It is surely probable therefore, that, with an object substantially the same, all parties may have availed themselves of one common instrument. It is not necessary to suppose that for this purpose they secretly entered into a formal agreement ; though, by the way, there are reports afloat, that the editors of the *Courier* and *Morning Chronicle* hold amicable consultations as to the conduct of their public warfare : I will not take upon me to say that this is incredible ; but at any rate it is not necessary for the establishment of the probability I contend for. Neither again would I imply that *all* newspaper-editors are utterers of forged stories “ knowing them to be forged ;” most likely the great majority of them publish what they find in other papers with the same simplicity that their readers peruse it ; and therefore, it must be observed, are not at all more proper than their readers to be cited as authorities.’ pp. 12—15.

**The Author goes on to detect and expose the multiplied inconsistencies which might be expected to have place in an extensive and complicated forgery.**

‘ What then are we to believe ? if we are disposed to credit all that is told us, we must believe in the existence not only of one, but of two or three Buonapartes ; if we admit nothing but what is well authenticated, we shall be compelled to doubt of the existence of any.

‘ It appears then, that those on whose testimony the existence and actions of Buonaparte are generally believed, fail in all the most essential points on which the credibility of witnesses depends : first, we have no assurance that they have access to correct information ; secondly, they have an apparent interest in propagating falsehood ; and, thirdly, they palpably contradict each other in the most important points.’ pp. 18, 19.

**But what shall we say to the testimony of those many respectable persons who went to Plymouth on purpose, and saw Bonaparte with their own eyes ? must they not trust their senses ?**

‘ I would not disparage either the eye-sight or the veracity of these gentlemen. I am ready to allow that they went to Plymouth for the purpose of seeing Buonaparte ; nay more, that they actually rowed out into the harbour in a boat, and came along-side of a man-of-war, on whose deck they saw a man in a cocked hat, who, *they were told*, was Buonaparte ; this is the utmost point to which their testimony goes ; how they ascertained that this man in the cocked hat had gone through all the marvellous and romantic adventures with which we have so long been amused, we are not told : did they perceive in his physiognomy his true name and authentic history ? Truly this evidence is such as country people give one for a story of apparitions ; if you discover any signs of incredulity, they triumphantly shew the very house which the ghost haunted, the identical dark corner where it used to vanish, and perhaps even the tombstone of the person whose death it foretold. Jack Cade’s nobility was supported by the same irresistible kind of evidence ; having asserted that the eldest son of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, was stolen by a beggar-woman, “ became a bricklayer when he came to age,” and was the father of the supposed Jack Cade : one of his companions confirms the story, by saying, “ Sir, he made a chimney in my father’s house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it ; therefore deny it not.”’ pp. 22, 23.

Much of the same kind is the testimony of those who are ready to produce the scars they received in fighting against this terrible Bonaparte. These persons fought, no doubt ; but they know little or nothing more than their countrymen at home, concerning the person and history of their enemy.

‘ Let those then who pretend to philosophical freedom of enquiry,— who scorn to rest their opinions on popular belief, and to shelter themselves under the example of the unthinking multitude, consider carefully, each one for himself, what is the evidence proposed to himself in particular, for the existence of such a person as Napoleon Buonaparte ; (I do not mean whether there ever was a person bearing that *name*, for that is a question of no consequence, but whether any such person ever performed all the wonderful things attributed to him;) let him then weigh well the objections to that evidence, (of which I have given but a hasty and imperfect sketch,) and if he then finds it amount to any thing *more* than a probability, I have only to congratulate him on his easy faith.’ p. 24.

But this story, resting as we have seen, upon very exceptionable evidence, is in itself highly incredible. It is *improbable—marvellous—prodigious—unprecedented* ; and, to use the term in Hume’s sense, *miraculous*. It is *contrary to our personal experience*. And every man’s personal experience (if we would maintain a philosophical scepticism) is, to him, the only ground and rule of reasonable belief.

The wise, says Hume, lend a very academic faith to every report which favours the passion of the reporter, whether it

magnifies his country, his family, or himself : but who can fail to observe the *nationality* of this marvellous tale ?

' Buonaparte prevailed over all the hostile states in turn, *except England* ; in the zenith of his power, his fleets were swept from the sea, by *England* ; his troops always defeat an equal, and frequently even a superior number of those of any other nation, *except the English*, and with them it is just the reverse ; twice, and twice only, he is personally engaged against an *English commander*, and both times he is totally defeated, at Acre, and at Waterloo ; and, to crown all, *England* finally crushes this tremendous power, which has so long kept the continent in subjection or in alarm, and to the *English* he surrenders himself prisoner ! Thoroughly national, to be sure ! It *may* be all very true ; but I would only ask, if a story *had* been fabricated for the express purpose of amusing the English nation, could it have been contrived more ingeniously ?' pp. 39, 40.

The Author having thus exposed the invalidity of the ground upon which the popular belief is rested, modestly inquires if it be too much to demand of the wary academic, a suspension of judgement as to the ' life and adventures of Napoleon Bonaparte.'

' I do not pretend to decide positively that there is not, nor ever was any such person, but merely to propose it as a *doubtful* point ; and one the more deserving of careful investigation from the very circumstance of its having hitherto been admitted without inquiry.'

He who detects a fiction, is not bound to supply the vacuity he has produced in our creed by positive and unimpeachable truth. In the present instance many suppositions might plausibly be hazarded.

' Is it not just possible, that during the rage for words of Greek derivation, the title of " Napoleon" (*Ναπολεων*), which signifies " Lion of the forest," may have been conferred by the popular voice on more than one favourite general, distinguished for irresistible valour ? Is it not also possible that " BUONA PARTE" may have been originally a sort of cant term applied to the " good (i. e. the bravest or most patriotic) part" of the French army, collectively, and have been afterwards mistaken for the proper name of an individual ? I do not profess to support this conjecture ; but it is certain that such mistakes may and do occur. Some critics have supposed that the Athenians imagined ANASTASIS (" Resurrection") to be a new goddess, in whose cause Paul was preaching. Would it have been thought any thing incredible if we had been told that the ancient Persians, who had no idea of any but a monarchical government, had supposed Aristocratia to be a queen of Sparta ? But we need not confine ourselves to hypothetical cases ; it is positively stated that the Hindoos at this day believe " the honourable East India Company" to be a venerable old lady of high dignity residing in this country.'

pp. 44, 45.

In concluding, the Writer invites those who will listen to no

testimony that runs counter to experience, and who will believe nothing but that of which it is strictly impossible to doubt, to be consistent, and shew themselves as ready to detect the cheats and despise the fables of politicians, as of priests.

‘ But if they are still wedded to the popular belief in this point, let them be consistent enough to admit the same evidence in other cases, which they yield to in *this*. If after all that has been said, they cannot bring themselves to doubt of the existence of Napoleon Buonaparte, they must at least acknowledge that they do not apply to that question, the same plan of reasoning which they have made use of in others; and they are consequently bound in reason and in honesty to renounce it altogether.’ pp. 47, 48.

The ingenious Author of this pamphlet must be aware, that the case of Napoleon Bonaparte does not strictly meet the main sophism of Hume’s *Essay on Miracles*; he does, however, very fairly turn the laugh against the practical absurdities of the hyper scepticism which is displayed in the *second* part of that *Essay*: and we think he has very well caught the oblique, plausible insidiousness of Hume’s manner. But if he would pretend to stand upon the ground of rigid reasoning, the disciple of Hume would say, that the supposed scepticism relative to Bonaparte, falls very plainly under the exception which that Writer himself makes for those cases in which the greatest miracle would be on the side of the alleged fabrication. The successful promulgation of such a history, if unreal, so near to us in time and place, would obviously be more extraordinary than any of the facts it contains. The same thing, indeed, may be said of those suppositions which form the alternative, if the histories of the New Testament are affirmed to be forgeries. But to show this, it is previously requisite to expose the sophism of Hume’s first position, which in substance is this, that every man’s experience of the uniformity of nature furnishes him with a *proof* against miracles, which the highest evidence of testimony can at most only balance, leaving the mind in suspense between opposing proof; so that a reported miracle, though it may perplex the judgement, can never be the ground of reasonable belief. This doctrine has been abundantly refuted in different ways. It would be sufficient briefly to observe the distinction which Hume labours to hide from his reader, between what is simply *extraordinary*—that is, not conformed to our personal experience, and what is strictly *incredible*, or contradictory to our *actual knowledge*. That water should, during a part of the year, be in a solid state, is not according to the experience of him who has always inhabited the islands of the torrid zone: but unless he could profess to be acquainted with the whole system of nature, in refusing his belief to credible testimony which affirms the fact, the sable sceptic, on the strength of his

personal ignorance, contradicts his own experience of human nature, which directs him to confide in testimony under certain circumstances. Hume trespasses beyond the ordinary bounds of his argumentative caution, when he affirms that ‘the Indian prince who refused to believe the first relations concerning the effects of frost, reasoned justly.’ Such an instance can hardly fail to suggest to the reader the unsoundness of the sceptical argument, and its internal inconsistency. Would not this Indian prince have done better, to reflect that the effect of cold upon water was merely *beyond* his experience, while the credibility of testimony was a subject *within* his experience?

It is in the very nature of a miracle, that it should be an occurrence not according to common experience; but it cannot be called incredible, (that is, contradictory to our knowledge,) unless we had the means of *knowing* that it is incompatible with the character or purposes of the Author of nature, thus specially to interpose in diverting the order of nature for a moral purpose. To set out with the affirmation that a miracle is incredible, because it is not according to *uniform* experience, is a mere *petitio principii*; and it is enough, simply to deny the assumption. Here, we say, is credible testimony that miracles have not been contrary to *all* experience.

In respect to their credibility, (supposing they imply no plain contradiction,) a miracle, and any natural fact which has never fallen under our personal observation, stand precisely on the same ground. Unless, in the one case, we were perfectly acquainted with the system of nature, or, in the other, with the character and designs of the Divine Being, we can have absolutely nothing *positive* to counterbalance the evidence of testimony which supports the one or the other allegation: our sole concernment is with the *credibility of the testimony*. The more or less extraordinary nature of the fact in question, (provided it does not contradict our actual knowledge,) has no place whatever in measuring the *degree* of our conviction, because this *extraordinariness* is a mere variable negation, derived from every man’s *ignorance*, and directly proportionate to it. The credible affirmation of an extraordinary natural fact, or of a miracle, makes an intrusion, so to speak, not upon our previous knowledge, but upon our present ignorance; while it appeals, as the ground of our assent, not to our ignorance, but to our knowledge, namely, to our knowledge of that human nature, and of those laws of the moral world, which are the objects of our personal experience, the matters of our positive knowledge, and on which is founded the power of testimony to command belief.

*Art. VI. Travels in Egypt, Nubia, Holy Land, Mount Lebanon, and Cyprus, in the Year 1814.* By Henry Light, Capt. of the Royal Artillery, 4to. pp 279. London. 1818.

THE ground passed over by Capt. Light, in these travels, has been so frequently described within the last few years, that it would be unreasonable to expect that his relation should afford any thing new or very important, unless it be to those who may have some definite object, whether of a scientific, or of a political nature, in view. The motives which induced Captain L. to undertake the journey here described, were of a private nature, having originated in a desire to visit the countries from which Europe received religion and the arts. He seems to have contemplated the scenes which he had associated in his mind with sublime and sacred recollections, with an interest highly creditable to his feelings; and he describes the effect which they produced upon him, with a simplicity and modesty which the reader will esteem a greater recommendation than laboured detail and florid description. In proportion as the author adheres to nature and to truth in his own statements, he becomes sensible of the exaggerations of other travellers, who suffered themselves to view every object through the glowing medium of their own imaginations?

Capt. L. experiences no raptures on the first sight of the Nile; he looks in vain to Rosetta and its vicinity, for the paradise which Denon, Savary, and Sonini have described as exhibited there. He is more interested at Siout, now the capital of Upper Egypt, than at Rosetta, or Cairo. This place is the intermediate mart between Sennaar, Darfour, and Cairo, and caravans of Gelabs or slave merchants are constantly arriving there. One of these caravans, or rather the remnant of it, reached Siout just about the time of our Author's arrival: it had lost four thousand animals, that is to say, men, women, children, horses, camels, &c. in the desert, from having mistaken the track; but notwithstanding this loss, the merchants to whom it belonged could afford to offer him a fine female slave, a negress, of about seventeen years of age, for little more than fifteen pounds sterling.

The Gelabs were mild looking men, tall and slender; their dress fastened at the shoulder like a Roman toga, and their hair hanging very thick, in matted plaits, to the poll of the neck, like the head dress of the ancient Egyptian deities. When our Author inquired of them whether they were of the true faith of Mahomet, their countenances brightened up into a look of great cheerfulness, and they answered: 'Yes, praised be 'God!' The veneration of the Mahometans for the name of the Supreme Being, and their uncomplaining submission to every manifestation of his Divine will, are indeed truly admirable

The dreadful malady of blindness, which is so common on the shores of the Nile, that every third or fourth peasant whom Captain L. met seemed to be threatened with it, was, he informs us, borne with resignation. Nor do they shew less submission under that dreadful scourge the plague, which the Arabs look upon as a necessary evil to prevent the still more horrible one of famine, and to which indeed they are often exposed, from the swarms of locusts that frequently destroy the hopes of the husbandman, just at the moment when his toils seem to be on the point of receiving their reward. At Philac, the harvest was entirely devoured in a few hours by these insatiable insects ; yet the inhabitants made no complaint, but blessed God that they had not the plague at the same time. We have heard much of the strictness with which the Mahometans, and more particularly the lower class of them, keep the fast of the Ramazan. Our Author relates an incident which tends in some degree to exhibit the true motives which produce this boasted obedience to their law.

' In one of my rides about the country, I entered into conversation with an Arab peasant, of about twenty years of age, whom at first I had terribly alarmed by sketching him, while he was sitting on a water-wheel, which he supposed was an act of enchantment, to his future misfortune. It was the Ramazan : I had been eating a morsel of bread, and offered him part, by way of encouraging his confidence. He dared not accept it. " Have you no fast ? " said he to me. " We have ; but not so strict as yours." " Then I wish I were in your country ; for were I not to fast, the cadi would beat me to death." ' p. 132.

Capt. L.'s account of the antiquities in Nubia, is very interesting, and needs not the apology which his modesty leads him to make for repeating remarks and descriptions already made by former travellers, and which will doubtless be repeated again and again. Many of his descriptions are illustrated by sketches made on the spot ; but in this employment he was at times interrupted by the jealousy of the natives, who came towards him with marks of rage and defiance, and throwing dust in the air, a strong manifestation of their ill will. A small present, however, to the angry parties, enabled him, in almost every case, to pursue his employment without further molestation.

At the cataracts of Galabshee, he remarked shells of the oyster species attached to the granite masses. Our Author's chief interest, however, appears to have been excited, by tracing the earliest records of antiquity, as connected with Christianity ; but in this he was not so successful as he had hoped, on account of the jealousy of the natives, who were unable to divest themselves of an idea that he was looking for hidden treasures. He recommends the same pursuit to future travellers who may visit

these places under more favourable auspices, and who, he thinks might, in that case, by a more accurate examination of the inscriptions in the burial places, very probably discover the connecting character between the Hieroglyphic, the Coptic, and the Greek languages, which would be highly interesting to those who are fond of researches into the origin of nations.

The Captain was much gratified in his second visit to Luxor ; having been prevented the first time he was there, from considering it so attentively as he wished. At Carnac, a ruined temple further from the banks of the river, on the same side as Luxor, attracted his attention.

' It was impossible,' said he, ' to look on such an extent of building without being lost in admiration. No description will be able to give an adequate idea of the enormous masses still defying the ravages of time. Enclosure within enclosure, propylæa in front of propylæa ; to these, avenues of sphinxes, each of fourteen or fifteen feet in length, lead from a distance of several hundred yards. The common Egyptian sphinx is found in the avenues to the south : but to the west, the cro sphinx, with the ram's head, from one or two that have been uncovered, seems to have composed its corresponding avenue. Those of the south and east are still buried. Headless statues of grey and blue granite, of gigantic size, lie prostrate in different parts of the ruins. In the western court, in front of the great portico, and at the entrance to this portico is an upright, headless statue, of one block of granite, whose size may be imagined from finding that a man of six foot just reaches to the patella of the knee.

' The entrance to the great portico is through a mass of masonry, partly in ruins, through which the eye rests on an avenue of fourteen columns, whose diameter is more than eleven feet, and whose height is upwards of sixty. On each side of this are seven rows, of seven columns in each, whose diameter is eight feet, and about forty feet high, of an architecture which wants the elegance of Grecian models, yet suits the immense majesty of the Egyptian temple. Though it does not enter into my plan to continue a description which has been so ably done by others before me, yet when I say that the whole extent of this temple cannot be less than a mile and a half in circumference, and that the smallest blocks of masonry are five feet by four in depth and breadth, that there are obelisks of eighty feet high, on a base of eighteen feet of one block of granite, it can be easily imagined that Thebes was the vast city history describes it to be.' p. 107.

The account of the Troglodites of Goornoo, is very interesting. These people derive their subsistence chiefly from the pillage of the tombs, of which they daily discover new ones. The dead bodies being taken up, are broken, and the resinous substance found in the inside of the mummy, forms a considerable article of trade with Cairo.

Capt. L. visited many of the most remarkable antiquities in Egypt, and witnessed the ceremony of cutting the dyke of the canal that conveys the waters of the Nile to Cairo, in doing

which many thousand persons were washed out of sight in one instant, the lookers on not testifying the least concern in their fate, insomuch that he could not learn how many were drowned, or how many escaped. He next prepared to proceed to the Holy Land, and on the 15th of August began to descend the Nile in a small carash, or barge.

'The height of the inundation,' he says, 'rendered the stream excessively rapid; my boat was carried down, and whirled round with a velocity almost to excite apprehension of danger, and was with difficulty steered by the rais, who, however, was encouraged by the brightness of the moon, to continue during the night, and I found myself in the morning, far below the union of the two branches of the Nile which form the Delta. The appearance of the inundation was terrific; one universal deluge seemed to cover the country. The distant inmates of the villages just evinced that all was not overflowed. The roar of the waters caused a sort of horror. The stream appeared to carry desolation with it; and I could scarcely allow myself to fancy that art could set bounds to such an inundation as that which I saw around me.' p. 124.

We shall pass over the account of his journey, that we may give a more detailed description of the most striking objects seen at Ramla and at Jerusalem. Ramla is the usual halting place for travellers in their way to Jerusalem. It is beautifully situated, and contains a convent which seems to combine the castle also, being fortified and secured by walls, and its inhabitants constantly keeping themselves in a state of defence against any sudden attack. Their force was not, however, very strong, when Capt. L. visited them, only two Capuchins, and two Syrian Christians, as servants, inhabiting it. The monks were both Spaniards. One of them, a respectable man, maintained the necessity of the inquisition, and the policy of keeping the lower orders of society in ignorance; the other pledged our Traveller in brandy, wishing him temporal happiness, but denying the possibility that he or any other heretic could enjoy any in futurity. From such company he was glad to escape to the terrace of the convent, to enjoy a serene evening, illuminated by a full moon.

'The chain of mountains that extended to the east were clearly discerned; fires and lights were scattered in the different villages. The mosques of Ramla were illuminated, on account of the Ramazan; nothing broke the silence of the place but the hoarse voice of the imams, who called the faithful Mahomedans to prayers. I could not but carry my thoughts to past times: many of the deeds related of Samson were performed within sight of the place where I stood. It was between Lydda and Ramla that his prowess was displayed, in the slaughter of the Philistines; and the present Ramla seems to be a corruption of Ramath Lehi, the name he gave to the place of his victory. The plains of the Philistines lay at the foot of the mountains of

Judah: and I could easily picture to myself the universal destruction of the corn, vineyards, and olive trees, which his fire-brands scattered amongst them, where no hedge nor deep ravine opposed the extension of the flames.

The “voice of lamentation in Rama” is still heard. The Christians still weep for their fallen state in that country: but whilst they consider they fulfil their duties by nothing but a rigorous observance of fasts, they must long have to mourn their fate. The old traditional tales and prophecies of the country foretell a change; and the only consolation they have, is in the hope of being liberated from the oppression of the Turks, by some European power; and this is now openly said to be that of Russia.’ p. 150.

At Jerusalem, Captain Light visited every spot connected with the sacred associations of Christianity. He exposes the absurdity of attempting to bring every thing connected with the crucifixion of our Saviour, under the roof of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, which, with all its relics, forming a source of perpetual revenue to those who may gain the privilege of exhibiting them, is a source of perpetual contention between the different sects who by turns procure possession of them, according as they have the means of purchasing them from the Turkish chiefs, and who of course are very well contented that such contentions should perpetually occur. The picture of the state of society in Jerusalem, is melancholy enough. The city contains about twelve thousand inhabitants, of whom the greater proportion consists of mussulmans. The Jews form the largest sect. Although they are treated with more oppression and contempt at Jerusalem than any where else, they still flock to it; the old desiring to sleep in Abraham’s bosom, the young hoping for the coming of the Messiah; and both attracted by the gains of commerce, which the Turks, for their own sakes, suffer them to carry on. The state of the Christians is very degraded: they are divided into the Armenian, Greek, Latin, and Coptish sects; they are violent in their antipathy towards each other, unwearied in intrigues against those from whom they differ in opinion, and maining their disputes even by blows, and those sometimes given in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, which they profess to hold in the greatest reverence. The Author laments, as every one else must do, that the name and spirit of our religion should be thus profaned, by a conduct which gives the Turks but too much right to reproach those who call themselves Christians, with departing from the example of Him whose memory every object around them is adapted to recall. The absolution given by the Greek religion to pilgrims, is, however, so ample, that no catalogue of offences is without its price. The Author’s Greek servant, whom he had brought from Damietta, thought it

prudent to take advantage of this opportunity, to rub off old scores, and therefore, proceeding, we presume, on the convenient maxim that the end justifies the means, he made free with his master's name, to obtain a sum of money from the treasurer of the Latin convent, by the aid of which he treated himself with a full pardon of all his sins : among these, he had probably policy enough remaining, to reckon the fraud by which he was enabled to gain his absolution.

At Nazareth, Captain L. had reason to complain alike of the Mahometans and of the Greeks, who insulted him so grossly every time he went out, that he was obliged to refrain from any attempt at making sketches, and content himself with viewing, as quietly as might be, the most striking objects of the place and in its vicinity. He forgets, however, every thing unpleasing, when he gains the summit of mount Tabor, of the prospect from which he gives a beautiful description. Nor will the reader pass heedlessly by his refusal to level his gun, at the request of his guide, against the antelope in the plain beneath, which sometimes started across his path, as he pursued his way through scenes which at every step awakened fresh feelings of deep and solemn interest.

Our Traveller does not seem to have met with any thing that particularly attracted his notice in Cyprus ; and perhaps it did not appear the more agreeable to him, from his being obliged to stay there till he could hear of an eligible conveyance to Malta, and that too at a season of the year when the effects of the *malaria* were particularly to be dreaded by a European. The medical men seemed anxious to increase their stock of knowledge, by consulting with a stranger ; and one of the most eminent among them, took our Author aside, to question him as to the effects of Dr. James's powder, which he had recommended in a slight case of fever, and to ask him whether it was not composed of pulverized cranium of the human head.

After waiting three weeks in the hope of procuring a passage to Malta, under favourable circumstances, Captain Light was at last compelled to take up with one presenting as many inconveniences as he experienced in his voyage from Beirut. He was glad to solicit some Moorish merchants who had freighted a small schooner to Malta, to permit him to embark with them ; a favour which, as they had their female slaves on board, they granted only on condition that he should not enter the cabin during the passage. He was fortunate enough, however, though exposed to the weather the whole time on deck, to suffer only once from the rain. In these Moorish merchants, two from Fez, and two from Tetuan, he had the pleasure of finding high-minded, liberal men, whose conduct gave him a

very different opinion of the Moors of Morocco, from those of the Barbary States. Their treatment of their slaves was worthy the imitation of a more enlightened people, with respect to their servants. They had an Arab as a steward; a Mogadore slave as cook, and three negro boys as servants.

'The Mogadore slave had grown up in the family of his master, had been taught to read and write, and was always treated with kindness. He seemed to obey willingly. The lessons of his youth influenced him in manhood. His daily prayers were never omitted; when the work of the day was finished, I generally observed him apply to a book for amusement, either the Koran, or some comment on it; and on Fridays, the Sabbaths of the Mahometans, he never failed to employ a great portion of the day in the same way.

'The negro boys were equally attended to; their masters taught them to read, to repeat long prayers, and the ceremonies of their religion. This they did as a thing of course, and part of their duty as masters. The youngest boy, a child of not more than six or seven years of age, surprised me by repeating, with very little help, p. 253.  
prayers and passages of the Koran, for at least an hour at a time.'

The same benevolence and good sense appeared conspicuous in these men, whether they were communicating particulars touching the manners of their own country, or inquiring into the customs of ours. They seemed astonished at our system of bankruptcy, conceiving it unjust that men who had failed for large sums, should keep up their houses and establishments, and enjoy as many personal luxuries as if nothing had happened; and they said that they themselves had narrowly escaped great loss, by taking bills for their money, from Christians, in the countries they had traded with, on correspondents in other countries, who, they afterwards found, were known to be on the point of failure.

The military defences of Egypt and Syria are considered in a separate chapter at the end of the work. The Author has added also a few political remarks, which are distinguished by the same moderation, simplicity, and modesty, that characterize all his preceding observations. He advises our strengthening the Chief of Egypt, in every possible way, in order to secure Syria from the invasion of any other power, and shews the great advantage that would occur from the possession of Cyprus, which would be far more valuable to England, than either Syria or Egypt could ever be rendered.

Art. VII. 1. *Peter Bell, a Tale in Verse.* By William Wordsworth. 8vo. pp. 88. London, 1818.

2. *The Waggoner, a Poem.* To which are added, Sonnets. By William Wordsworth. 8vo. pp. 68. London, 1819.

**M**R. WORDSWORTH has facetiously affixed the following motto on the title page of "The Waggoner":

"What's in a NAME?

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar."

And truly, a better answer to the demand could not have been given, than that which is tacitly supplied by the incongruous names of Brutus and Peter Bell, Cæsar and Benjamin the Waggoner. If the gifted biographer of the two modern heroes, was insensible to this incongruity, it would suffice to shew, what upon other grounds we have had reason to suspect, that as he is himself devoid of any talent for humour, so he is, through a singular simplicity of mind, unsusceptible of the ludicrous. We imagine that this in sooth furnishes the key to that part of Mr. W.'s poetical character, which is written in cipher. The ludicrous always arises from contrast, from the juxtaposition of incongruities, such as dignity and meanness, solemnity and insignificance. But an object is dignified or insignificant to us, according to the associations with which our imagination invests it; and it is possible that the imagination shall have been so accustomed to exert itself with intense interest upon things comparatively mean and trifling, and to appropriate these as the source of intellectual pleasure, that no adequate feelings shall be left for all that is in itself grand, or important, or captivating; and the relative magnitude of this latter class of objects shall be lost in the estimate of the mind, for want of a standard of measurement. Now it is obvious, that, to this individual, no such incongruity will be apparent between objects of vastly different dimensions and opposite character, as is to others the foundation of the ludicrous. No object in nature, taken simply by itself, partakes of this character. Take, for instance, one of Mr. Wordsworth's favourite heroes, a donkey; an animal upon whom has rested an unmerciful load of unmerited obloquy and ridicule. It must be familiar to the lovers of the picturesque, that not the noble horse itself forms so congruous and pleasing an object in a landscape. It is not its form, but the vulgarizing circumstances of degradation to which the poor drudge is subjected, that render it liable to become ridiculous. Array the poor beast in the caparison of a war horse, or, what comes to much the same thing, deck him out in the sentimental honours of heroic or elegiac verse, and the incongruity between the native character of the object, and the qualities of the style, will make itself irresistibly felt as in the highest degree amusing.

But Mr. Wordsworth, we think we have a right to say, does not feel this. In the extensive horizon of his capacious intellect, all distant interests it should seem are dwarfed, while, as he lies recumbent, a shrub, or a blade of grass, acquires from nearness a microscopic magnitude occupying the whole field of vision. Or perhaps, in the profound abstraction of his contemplative solitude, princes and potters, heroes and donkeys, would pass before him in the landscape as things of scarcely perceptible difference of configuration, and as possessing equal claims upon his sovereign attention. Under such circumstances, a *simplicity* would soon come to pervade all the associations of ideas excited by external objects, which would forbid the impertinent intrusion of the ludicrous. And when the philosopher came back to the busy world of human action and interests, no doubt it must appear both unaccountable and provoking, to find that the subjects of his elevated lucubrations and rhapsodies, were deemed fit sport only for the critic's sneer and the public's laugh.

It is not the titles of these poems, the mere names of Peter Bell and the Waggoner, which are ridiculous. That effect, so far as it preceded the publication of the poems themselves, arose from the pompous *annoncé* of these tales, which seemed like the ushering of a washer-woman into a drawing-room. It was this which gave fair scope for the good humoured *hoax* which was played off by the author of the spurious Peter Bell. But how nobly, we thought, might Mr. Wordsworth, if he has really in his possession and at his command, the talents which we have always given him credit for, how nobly might he revenge himself! We had only to suppose that when Peter Bell appeared, it should prove to be a tale of that highly picturesque and imaginative character which has given immortality to the name of Tam a Shanter, combining with the homeliness of style which the title bespoke, the deep tragic feeling of some of our old English ballads, or at least some portion of high moral interest; or, not to exact so high a task, we had only to imagine that it should prove such a tale as Cowper, or as Crabbe would have framed of similar materials, possessing either the pensive playfulness and high moral excellence which distinguish the writings of the one, or the strong graphic fidelity of representation peculiar to the coarse pencil of the other. It was surely no impertinent or idle supposition, that Mr. Wordsworth might be found to have produced under the titles he has chosen, two poems of merit and interest sufficient, fully to overpower whatever ludicrous associations any *travestie* of his style should have previously awaked.

But Mr. Wordsworth, we regret to say, has not done this. We must add that the public, though it has just reason to be dissatisfied, will be, and on that very account will be, indisposed to

do justice to what he has done. The bad taste which is the condemning sin of his poetry, will revolt the reader at the outset.

*Peter Bell* was meant to be a tragi-comic tale, but Mr. Wordsworth cannot be comic, and it is well known to what ungraceful expedients persons devoid of native humour are seduced to resort by a misdirected ambition. To see a man trying to be playful and sportive, to whose rigidity of form, and unelastic tread, and solemnity of voice, the tones and attitudes of humour or of grace are incapable of being communicated, is a spectacle which only the malicious can take delight in. Persons under the influence of this desire of imitating entertaining qualities foreign from their own character, will descend to a coarseness and flippancy of style, into which they would on no other occasion have deviated, and to which a person of *true* humour or *true* wit, would have felt himself under no such necessity of having recourse. We cannot in any other way account for the vulgarisms which occur in the tale of *Peter Bell*. But we must proceed to our specimens. The poem opens with the following stanza :

' All by the moonlight river side  
It gave three miserable groans ;  
" 'Tis come then to a pretty pass,"  
Said Peter to the groaning Ass,  
" But I will *bang* your bones ! " '

This our readers will readily think, is vulgar and unpromising enough ; but there are worse passages still. Before they come to the tale itself, however, we must inform them that this tale has a prologue, in which the poet holds parley with a celestial boat of light, that transports him, much in the same way as the wooden horse did *Don Quixote*, through the regions of air. This radiant boat, instinct with life and intelligence, turns out to be an allegorical representation of the poet's fancy, which tempts him to venture into the higher region of romantic invention.

' I know secrets of a land  
Where human foot did never stray ;  
Fair is the land as evening skies  
And cool,—though in the depth it lies  
Of burning Africa.'

' Or we'll into the realm of Faery,  
Among the lovely shades of things ;  
The shadowy forms of mountains bare,  
And streams, and bowers, and ladies fair ;  
The shades of palaces and kings ! '

The allegory is not well-managed : the reader does not for some time catch a glimpse of its purpose ; but there are some

very pleasing stanzas. The Poet thus replies to the adventurous sprite embodied in the airy vehicle :

‘ There was a time when all mankind  
Did listen with a faith sincere  
To tuneful tongues in mystery vers'd ;  
*Then* Poets fearlessly rehears'd  
The wonders of a wild career.

‘ Go—but the world's a sleepy world  
And 'tis, I fear, an age too late ;  
Take with you some ambitious Youth,  
For I myself, in very truth,  
Am all unfit to be your mate.

‘ Long have I lov'd what I behold,  
The night that calms, the day that cheers :  
The common growth of mother earth  
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,  
Her humblest mirth and tears.

‘ The dragon's wing, the magic ring,  
I shall not covet for my dower,  
If I along that lowly way  
With sympathetic heart may stray  
And with a soul of power.

‘ These given, what more need I desire,  
To stir—to sooth—or elevate ?  
What nobler marvels than the mind  
May in life's daily prospect find,  
May find or there create ?

‘ A potent wand doth sorrow wield ;  
What spell so strong as guilty Fear !  
Repentance is a tender sprite ;  
If aught on earth have heavenly might,  
'Tis lodg'd within her silent tear.

‘ But grant my wishes,—let us now  
Descend from this ethereal height ;  
Then take thy way, adventurous Skiff,  
More daring far than Hippogriff,  
And be thy own delight !’ pp. 9, 11.

The next page accordingly introduces us to his good friend

‘ Stephen Otter,  
and Peter Bell the Potter.’

Peter Bell is a wicked man, a fearful man. He had a dozen wedded wives, and does not love primroses. He attempted, one November night, to steal a stray ass, but the ass would not leave the spot where it was stationed. He ‘ banged and banged’ the poor creature till his arm ached, but still it would not stir. At length, leaning down upon the beast, he discovers in the pool ‘ a startling sight,’ the corse of the poor brute's master. Peter

swoons with fright, but on recovering himself resolves to take up the body, and then to let the ass carry him, if it will, to the cottage of the drowned man. The poor beast, now docile and thankful, acquits himself with all the fidelity of instinct, and Peter's hard heart, which had been previously subdued by terror, now relents to humanity and repentance at the sight of the fatherless family. He

— ‘ who till that night  
Had been the wildest of his clan,  
Forsook his crimes, repressed his folly,  
And, after ten months' melancholy,  
Became a good and honest man.’

Such is the Tale. A more extraordinary conversion never excited the scorn of the sceptic, in the annals of what is termed Methodism. Strange to say, however, a ‘Methodist’ preacher is introduced by our Poet, as contributing, though in a very subsidiary degree, to work this strange metamorphosis. It is, perhaps, the first time such an incident was pressed into the service of poetry, and we give Mr. W. credit for venturing upon something like an honest reference to the fact of the efficacy of such preaching, although we cannot commend the manner in which he has made Scripture to jingle in his verse. The chief part in the effecting of this transformation of a hardened ruffian into ‘a good man,’ is, however, of course assigned to other *machinery*; and the Poet must be allowed to have shewn no small skill in describing the natural workings of the conscience and feelings, under the strong excitement, first of terror, and then of tenderness. When Mr. Wordsworth refrains from all attempt at humour, and forgets to be vulgar upon system, he seldom fails to interest by that natural pathos of manner, in which he is excelled by few of his contemporaries. The poor animal, with his freight, is pursuing his way homeward, and after passing through a gloomy grove of beech, reaches a narrow dell in the open moonlight. Peter's mind has not recovered from the horror and self-reproach produced by the sight of the drowned man, and as he rides along,

‘ The rocks that tower on either side  
Build up a wild fantastic scene ;  
Temples like those among the Hindoos,  
And mosques, and spires, and abbey windows,  
And castles all with ivy green ! ’

‘ And, while the Ass pursues his way,  
Along this solitary dell,  
As pensively his steps advance,  
The mosques and spires change countenance,  
And look at Peter Bell ! ’

Other circumstances occur to work up his terrified fancy to

the highest pitch of excitement. The ass suddenly turns round its head and grins at him, at which Peter gives a grin responsive, when, at the moment, an explosion produced by a troop of miners some twenty fathoms under ground, confounds his forced mirth, and confirms all the suggestions of conscience as to his impending doom.

‘ But, as an oak in breathless air  
Will stand though to the centre hewn,  
Or as the weakest things, if frost  
Have stiffen’d them, maintain their post,  
So he, beneath the gazing moon !—

‘ But now the pair have reach’d a spot  
Where, shelter’d by a rocky cove,  
A little chapel stands alone,  
With greenest ivy overgrown,  
And tufted with an ivy grove.

‘ Dying insensibly away  
From human thoughts and purposes,  
The building seems, wall, roof, and tower,  
To bow to some transforming power,  
And blend with the surrounding trees.

‘ Deep sighing as he pass’d along,  
Quoth Peter, “ in the shire of Fife,  
“ ’Mid such a ruin, following still  
“ From land to land a lawless will,  
“ I married my sixth wife !”

‘ The unheeding Ass moves slowly on,  
And now is passing by an inn  
Brim-full of a carousing crew,  
Making, with curses not a few,  
An uproar and a drunken din.

‘ I cannot well express the thoughts  
Which Peter in those noises found ;—  
A stifling power compressed his frame,  
As if confusing darkness came  
Over that dull and dreary sound.

‘ For well did Peter know the sound ;  
The language of those drunken joys  
To him, a jovial soul I weep,  
But a few hours ago had been  
A gladsome and a welcome noise.

‘ Now, turn’d adrift into the past,  
He finds no solace in his course ;—  
Like planet-stricken men of yore  
He trembles, smitten to the core  
By strong compunction and remorse.

‘ But more than all, his heart is stung  
To think of one, almost a child ;

Wordsworth's *Peter Bell.*

A sweet and playful Highland girl,  
As light and beauteous as a squirrel,  
As beauteous and as wild !

\* A lonely house her dwelling was,  
A cottage in a heathy dell ;  
And she put on her gown of green,  
And left her mother at sixteen,  
And followed Peter Bell.

\* But many good and pious thoughts  
Had she ; and, in the kirk to pray,  
Two long Scotch miles, through rain or snow,  
To kirk she had been used to go,  
Twice every sabbath-day.

\* And, when she follow'd Peter Bell,  
It was to lead an honest life ;  
For he, with tongue not used to falter,  
Had pledg'd his troth before the altar  
To love her as his wedded wife.

\* A mother's hope is her's ;—but soon  
She droop'd and pin'd like one forlorn ;—  
From Scripture she a name did borrow ;  
Benoni, or the child of sorrow,  
She call'd her babe unborn.

\* For she had learn'd how Peter liv'd,  
And took it in most grievous part ;  
She to the very bone was worn,  
And, ere that little child was born,  
Died of a broken heart.

\* And now the Spirits of the mind  
Are busy with poor Peter Bell ;  
Distraction reigns in soul and sense,  
And reason drops in impotence  
From her deserted pinnacle !

\* Close by a brake of flowering furze  
(Above it shivering aspins play)  
He sees an unsubstantial creature,  
His very self in form and feature,  
Not four yards from the broad highway ;

\* And stretch'd beneath the furze he sees  
The Highland girl—it is no other ;  
And hears her crying, as she cried  
The very moment that she died,  
“ My mother ! oh my mother ! ”

\* The sweat pours down from Peter's face,  
So grievous is his heart's contrition ;  
With agony his eye-balls ache  
While he beholds by the furze-brake  
This miserable vision !

'Calm is the well-deserving brute,  
*His* peace, hath no offence betray'd ;—  
 But now, while down that slope he wends,  
 A voice to Peter's ears ascends,  
 Resounding from the woody glade.' pp. 63—69.

That voice is the voice of the 'fervent methodist,' preaching to no heedless flock, and exhorting them to repent, while yet they may find mercy, and to save their souls alive.

'Even as he pass'd the door, these words  
 Did plainly come to Peter's ears ;  
 And they such joyful tidings were  
 The joy was more than he could bear—  
 He melted into tears.

'Sweet tears of hope and tenderness !  
 And fast they fell, a plenteous shower ;  
 His nerves, his sinews seem'd to melt ;  
 Through all his iron frame was felt  
 A gentle, a relaxing power !

'Each fibre of his frame was weak,  
 Weak all the animal within,  
 But in its helplessness grew mild  
 And gentle as an infant child,  
 An infant that has known no sin.' p. 71.

Arrived at the poor man's cottage, Peter has to encounter a scene which calls forth emotions to which he has long been a stranger. A little girl who had been sent to the meeting-house in hope of gaining some tidings, at the sight of the well known steed and his rider, shrieks out. 'My father ! here's my 'father !' The sound reaches the poor widow's ears.

'Her joy was like a deep affright ;  
 And forth she rushed into the light,  
 And saw it was another !

'And instantly, upon the earth  
 Beneath the full-moon shining bright,  
 Close at the Ass's feet she fell.'

Peter, when she recovers, with difficulty gets out his tale, and while the woman is venting her passionate grief, he stands beside her trembling with perturbation.

'His heart is opening more and more ;  
 A holy sense pervades his mind ;  
 He feels what he for human kind  
 Had never felt before.

'At length, by Peter's arm sustain'd,  
 The Woman rises from the ground—  
 "Oh, mercy ! something must be done,—  
 "My little Rachael, you must run,  
 "Some willing neighbour must be found.

Wordsworth's *Peter Bell.*!

" " Make haste—my little Rachael—do !  
 " The first you meet with bid him come,—  
 " Ask him to lend his horse to-night,—  
 " And this good man, whom Heaven requite,  
 " Will help to bring the body home."

" Away goes Rachael weeping loud ;  
 An infant, waked by her distress,  
 Makes in the house a piteous cry,—  
 And Peter hears the Mother sigh,  
 " Seven are they, and all fatherless!"

" And now is Peter taught to feel  
 That man's heart is a holy thing ;  
 And Nature, through a world of death,  
 Breathes into him a second breath,  
 More searching than the breath of spring.

" Upon a stone the Woman sits  
 In agony of silent grief—  
 From his own thoughts did Peter start ;  
 He longs to press her to his heart,  
 From love that cannot find relief.

" But rous'd, as if through every limb  
 Had pass'd a sudden shock of dread,  
 The Mother o'er the threshold flies,  
 And up the cottage stairs she hies,  
 And to the pillow gives her burning head.

" And Peter turns his steps aside  
 Into a shade of darksome trees,  
 Where he sits down, he knows not how,  
 With his hands press'd against his brow,  
 And resting on his tremulous knees.

" There, self-involv'd, does Peter sit  
 Until no sign of life he makes,  
 As if his mind were sinking deep  
 Through years that have been long asleep !  
 The trance is past away—he wakes,—

" He turns his head—and sees the Ass  
 Yet standing in the clear moonshine,  
 " When shall I be as good as thou ?  
 " Oh ! would, poor beast, that I had now  
 " A heart but half as good as thine !"

" —But *He*—who deviously hath sought  
 His father through the lonesome woods,  
 Hath sought, proclaiming to the ear  
 Of night, his inward grief and fear—  
 He comes—escaped from fields and floods ;—

‘ With weary pace is drawing nigh—  
 He sees the Ass—and nothing living  
 Had ever such a fit of joy  
 As had this little orphan Boy,  
 For he has no misgiving !

‘ Towards the gentle Ass he springs,  
 And up about his neck he climbs ;  
 In loving words he talks to him,  
 He kisses, kisses face and limb,—  
 He kisses him a thousand times !

‘ This Peter sees, while in the shade  
 He stood beside the cottage door :  
 And Peter Bell, the ruffian wild,  
 Sobs loud, he sobs even like a child,  
 “ Oh ! God, I can endure no more ! ” ’ pp. 77—81.

We know not how these extracts may affect our readers; but we will confess, that, in spite of the imbecilities of style which run through the narrative, and in spite of our determination not to allow Peter Bell, the potter, to gain upon our feelings, the Poet got the better of us, and we closed the Tale, resolved, even at the imminent risk of being set down for *Lakers* ourselves, to do its Author justice.

With the best intentions in the world, we sat down to the perusal of “ The Waggoner ;” for ‘ What’s in a name ?’ Benjamin doubtless may start a spirit as well as Peter. This poem, it seems, existed in manuscript thirteen years ago, and therefore, though it does not pretend to ‘ the high tone of imagination and ‘ the deep touches of passion aimed at in the former poem,’ yet, it must be supposed to come forth as the approved production of the Author’s matured judgement. *Voyons*.

Benjamin ‘ the good, the patient, and the tender-hearted,’ is the driver of ‘ a lordly wain,’ who makes his horses do their work better up the hills of Cumberland by patience and fair words, than others can by all the eloquence of the whip. Howbeit, the said Benjamin was a frail mortal, and on a wet, blowing night, a light in a public house, and the squeak of a fiddle, had charms for him which he could not always withstand. One fatal night, he fell into company with a sailor and his wife. ‘ The Sailor, sailor now no more, but such he had been heretofore,’ in return for the Waggoner’s good offices in giving his wife a snug birth in the machine, treats him with a jolly bowl at the Cherry-tree. There they are seduced to tarry, till the owner of the waggon, alarmed at the lateness of its arrival, sallies forth, and on discovering this fresh instance of good Benjamin’s infirmity, moreover, spying on the guardian mastiff’s head, a wound received from the Sailor’s steed,

‘ A wound, where plainly might be read  
 What feats an Ass’s hoof can do,’

gives the said Benjamin his discharge. He, the hero of this most interesting piece of *Lake* history,

‘ When duty of that day was o'er,  
Laid down his whip—and served no more.  
Nor could the waggon long survive  
Which Benjamin had ceased to drive ;’

and so, the good people of that country had

‘ —— two losses to sustain ;  
We lost both waggoner and wain ! ! !’

Such is actually the sum and substance of this poem in four cantos ! This is the whole catastrophe to which the reader's attention is summoned by all the pomp of verse. But it is fair to let the Poet assign in his own words, his reason for composing this ‘ adventurous song.’

‘ Accept, O Friend, for praise or blame,  
The gift of this adventurous Song ;  
A record which I dared to frame,  
Though timid scruples check'd me long ;  
They check'd me—and I left the theme  
Untouch'd—in spite of many a gleam  
Of fancy which thereon was shed,  
Like pleasant sun-beams shifting still  
Upon the side of a distant hill.  
But Nature might not be gainsaid ;  
For what I have and what I miss  
I sing of these—it makes my bliss !  
Nor is it I who play the part,  
But a shy spirit in my heart,  
That comes and goes—will sometimes leap  
From hiding-places ten years deep ;  
Sometimes, as in the present case,  
Will show a more familiar face ;  
Returning, like a ghost unlaid,  
Until the debt I owe be paid.  
Forgive me, then ; for I had been  
On friendly terms with this Machine :  
In him, while he was wont to trace  
Our roads, through many a long year's space,  
A living Almanack had we ;  
We had a speaking Diary,  
That, in this uneventful place,  
Gave to the days a mark and name  
By which we knew them when they came.  
—Yes, I, and all about me here,  
Through all the changes of the year,  
Had seen him through the mountains go,  
In pomp of mist or pomp of snow,  
Majestically huge and slow :

Or with a milder grace adorning  
 The Landscape of a summer's morning;  
 While Grasmere smooth'd her liquid plain  
 The moving image to detain:  
 And mighty Fairfield, with a chime  
 Of echoes, to his march kept time;  
 When little other business stirr'd,  
 And little other sound was heard;  
 In that delicious hour of balm,  
 Stillness, solitude, and calm,  
 While yet the Valley is arrayed,  
 On this side, with a sober shade;  
 On that is prodigally bright—  
 Crag, lawn, and wood, with rosy light.—  
 But most of all, thou lordly Wain!  
 I wish to have thee here again,  
 When windows flap and chimney roars,  
 And all is dismal out of doors;  
 And, sitting by my fire, I see  
 Eight sorry Carts, no less a train!  
 Unworthy Successors of thee,  
 Come straggling through the wind and rain:  
 And oft, as they pass slowly on,  
 Beneath my window—one by one—  
 See, perch'd upon the naked height  
 The summit of a cumbrous freight,  
 A single Traveller—and, there,  
 Another—then perhaps a Pair—  
 The lame, the sickly, and the old;  
 Men, Women, heartless with the cold;  
 And Babes in wet and starv'ling plight;  
 Which once, be weather as it might,  
 Had still a nest within a nest,  
 Thy shelter—and their mother's breast!  
 Then most of all, then far the most,  
 Do I regret what we have lost;  
 Am grieved for that unhappy sin  
 Which robb'd us of good Benjamin;  
 And of his stately Charge, which none  
 Could keep alive when He was gone! pp. 50—54.

Now, who would wish to disturb the innocent 'bliss' of this poet with the shy spirit? Let Mr. Wordsworth write on, if it so please him, and let him dream that inanity like this, the very garrulousness of dotage, is to occupy 'a permanent place in the literature of his country.' The lord of Rydal Mount may safely disdain the pity which one might be led to express for a man under less independent circumstances, labouring under a similar delusion. He neither seeks a precarious living from his pen, nor hangs upon the sentence of the critic for his praise. But there are many who have never been of the number of his

guests or of his flatterers, who yet have ranked among his most genuine admirers, and whose mortification will not be small at being constrained to recognise in these productions the unequivocal marks of that tincture of imbecility which is the latent cause of the eccentric action of true genius. That imbecility, they have been hitherto backward to admit as at all compatible with so much undoubted talent ; they have attributed the peculiarities of style on which with so much malignant pleasure the party-critic has fastened, to originality, to the seduction of system, to retired habits, or at worst to bad taste. Yet, what is bad taste, but in other words an imbecility of judgement, more or less, in reference to the objects and the qualities of things with which the imagination is conversant ? Wherever bad taste is characteristically predominant, it argues in some part of the mental constitution a defect, a defect of genius, for we know of no sound definition of genius which excludes the idea of taste. Shakspeare had exquisite taste. Milton's taste was still more refined. All our best poets exhibit this quality in a greater or less degree of perfection, and they are read in proportion as they exhibit it. But Mr. Wordsworth's system pours contempt on all those finer rules which his predecessors have worked by : he is for bringing in a Gothic horde of potters and pedlars and waggoners upon the classic regions of poetry : he has attempted to set up a new reign of taste, and he has sacrificed his genius in the adventure.

Mr. Wordsworth has one chance of being read by posterity. It rests upon his finding some judicious friend to do for him the kind office which Pope did for Parnell, and which has probably saved his fame. If Wordsworth's best pieces could be collected into one volume, some of his early lyrics, a few of his odes, his noble sonnets, all his landscape sketches, and the best parts of the *Excursion*, while his ideots and his waggoners were collected into a bonfire on the top of Skiddaw, the 'Sybilline leaves' would form a most precious addition to our literature, and his name and his poetry would live, when his system, and his absurdities, and his critics should be forgotten.

As for ourselves, Mr. Wordsworth will probably set lightly enough by our praises or our censure ; but we feel we owe him our best thanks. We have derived from some of his poetry the highest pleasure, and even from his worst productions we have gained something of moral value, in which we should be glad that our readers should participate. If amid the anxious bustle and collision of scenes to which the calm beauty of nature, and the intense solitude of her mountain recesses, seem to disown all relation, the imagination being scarcely able to realize them as different aspects of the same world,—if jaded with the fatigues and impertinences of an artificialized state of society, we have suffered ourselves to dwell at times with envy on the blissful

occupants of green mounts and shady burns, and to envy more especially the man whose gifted fancy could people the solitudes of nature with the sociable sprites of the ideal world,—it has served more than perhaps any thing to reconcile us to our humbler lot, and less aspiring labours, to perceive at what a price this life of intellectual luxury is often purchased ; how certainly a man suffers in the entireness of his moral being for withdrawing himself from the active service and warfare of common life, when his affections have not laid hold of the nobler realities with which the faith and hope of the Christian are then most conversant.

It is true that, to a benevolent mind, the meanest participant of humanity, be he a potter, a pedlar, or what he may, is, in reference to the essential qualities and circumstances of his being, most interesting, but this interest arises from regarding him under an aspect widely different from that in which the poet or the artist views the hero of his narrative, or the subject for which he prepares the canvas. His imagination is governed by impulses of a quite different kind, by habits and trains of thought wholly foreign from moral considerations. When, therefore, as *objects of the imagination*, things mean, trifling, and even of a degraded nature, are chosen and dwelt upon, and when the energies of thought are lavished upon subjects like these, we are warranted in saying, that the mind of the individual, whatever be its native power, and its power may remain undiminished, has lost some portion of its sanity.

We have spoken of Mr. Wordsworth's noble sonnets. The following two amply justify the application of that epithet.

' I watch, and long have watch'd, with calm regret  
Yon slowly-sinking Star,—immortal Sire  
(So might he seem) of all the glittering quire !  
Blue ether still surrounds him—yet—and yet ;  
But now the horizon's rocky parapet  
Is reach'd ; where, forfeiting his bright attire,  
He burns—transmuted to a sullen fire,  
That droops and dwindles ; and, the appointed debt  
To the flying moments paid, is seen no more.  
Angels and Gods ! we struggle with our fate,  
While health, power, glory, pitifully decline,  
Depress'd and then extinguish'd : and our state,  
In this, how different, lost Star, from thine,  
That no to-morrow shall our beams restore !

' Eve's lingering clouds extend in solid bars  
Through the grey west ; and lo ! these waters, steeled  
By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield  
A vivid repetition of the stars ;  
Jove—Venus—and the ruddy crest of Mars,

Amid his fellows, beautiously revealed  
 At happy distance from earth's groaning field,  
 Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.  
 Is it a mirror — or the nether sphere  
 Opening its vast abyss, while fancy feeds  
 On the rich show! — But list! a voice is near;  
 Great Pan himself low-whispering through the reeds,  
 " Be thankful thou; for, if unholy deeds  
 " Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!" pp. 66. 68.

*Art. IX. Original Letters from the Rev. John Newton, A.M. (late Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard-street) to the Rev. W. Barlass, late Minister of the Gospel in New York. 12mo pp. 184. Price 4s. 6d. New York, printed. London, reprinted, 1819.*

**T**HIS correspondence took its rise, we are informed, 'from the difficulties and perplexities which agitated the bosom' of Mr. Barlass, when about to enter upon the work of the ministry. He was, at the time of addressing his first letter to Mr. Newton, a student belonging to the Antiburgher synod in Scotland, and his object appears to have been to elicit the advice and direction of a man for whose character he had conceived the highest veneration from the constant perusal of his writings. The first fifty pages of the volume are occupied with four letters from Mr. Barlass, in which will be found a sketch of the origin and principles of the seceders from the Scottish Church, and an account of the difference between the Burghers and Antiburghers, and these form by no means the least interesting part of the volume. At that period, there were nearly one hundred ministers in the Antiburgher synod. Their congregations are stated to consist, upon an average, of from four to five hundred 'examinable persons.' The strictness of the Antiburgher discipline is dwelt upon by Mr. Barlass with strong approbation; and as to doctrine, he remarks, that while religious people in the Establishment have in some cases to go to some three or four parishes before they can be sure of food for their souls, the ministers of the Secession, from one side of the kingdom to another, preach as with one voice.

' As to their manners, (language and delivery I mean,) some have more of the unaffected simplicity of the old Scotch Presbyterian, while others affect more of the fashionable and polite air, though it does not always succeed with them. I have often observed these less attentive to the matter of their sermon; and their manner leads the more ignorant to admire the man rather than the sentiment. Hence, sometimes the silliest preachers are the most popular at first, though in a course of years a man is generally esteemed according to his real merit. The amiable and godly Mr. Hervey has, to be sure very innocently, hurt a great many preachers here. They will attempt (and a needless, hard task it is) to imitate his poetic prose, and they only get some high sounding vocables, ill-enough joined' pp. 339.

With great simplicity, Mr. B. in one of these letters, assures

his venerable correspondent, that he 'likes' him 'every way as well as though he were an Antiburgher' like himself.

The letters written by Mr. Newton are in his usual frank and familiar style full of pithy remark and anecdote, replete with sound sense and kindness. They were evidently written under no apprehension that they would be exposed to the public eye. Nevertheless, we cannot regret that they have been preserved. Referring to Mr. Barlass's account of the Secession, he candidly owns, that had Divine Providence so guided him, he could with equal cheerfulness have served his Master in the Church of Scotland, 'without either hierarchy or surplice.'

'At Olney, he writes, '(and it is much the same in all the parishes where the Lord has placed awakened ministers) we are Ecclesia intra Ecclesiam. I preach to many, but those whose hearts the Lord touches are the people of my peculiar charge; and though I have no authoritative jurisdiction over them, yet the Lord gives me that weight by the word of the ministry, that they are, in general, as much unwilling to grieve me, as if I were armed with the plenitude of ecclesiastical power. Indeed I desire no power as a minister, but what I derive from the power of the word upon their consciences. I do not seem to rule them, but when my desire is known it is seldom crossed, and I believe many of them could not sleep in their beds, if they thought they had displeased me. And though I have not a positive right by my office as a clergyman, to exclude any from the Lord's table, yet he has been pleased so to enforce what I have said from the pulpit, that few come thither without my approbation. Perhaps there are not many assemblies in the kingdom where there are fewer come to that ordinance, whom the minister would wish absent, than at Olney. So that without any explicit discipline, the end which discipline should aim at is in a tolerable degree, answered. On the other hand, my superiors in the church leave me at full liberty to preach and manage, within my own parish, as I please. The bishop usually comes into the neighbourhood once in three years, the archdeacon annually. At those times I wait on them, answer to my name, dine with them, and then return home. And this is all the weight of church power that I feel. Except for about four days in three years, I know no more of a superior, than if I was an archbishop myself.'

Mr. Barlass, in reply, congratulates the good curate of Olney, upon having so agreeable, obedient, and thriving a flock, and upon having liberty to manage them as he was directed by the word, without being 'forced to be submissive to the will of man.' 'It is,' he adds, 'a great mercy to you and your people, that you have so little to do with superiors. How would some of the good old doctrinal Puritans have rejoiced in such an indulgence; when, alas, they could not obtain it!'

In answer to Mr. Barlass's inquiries respecting Mr. Hervey's successor, Mr. N. writes:

'I believe there has not been a gospel sermon preached at Weston-Favell since Mr. Hervey's death; nor can I hear that there is one

spiritual person in the parish. His other parish of Collingtree is likewise now a dark place; though there may be half a dozen people there who know something of the Lord. I preached twice a year at Collingtree for about ten years, but I am now quite shut out. Mr. Hervey's usefulness was chiefly in his writings. A few people in the neighbourhood profited by him, who, since his death, have mostly joined the Dissenters; but he never knew that one soul was awakened in the parish where he lived—though he was in every respect one of the greatest preachers of the age. As plain in his pulpit service as he is elegant in his writings. The Lord showed in him, that the work is all his own, and that the best instrument can do no more than he appoints. His own mother and sister lived with him; his temper was heavenly, his conversation always spiritual and instructive; yet he could make no impression upon them, living or dying.'

pp. 81, 82.

The volume is disfigured by several glaring typographical inaccuracies. At p. 123, there occurs a repetition, though with some verbal variations, of the account given in a preceding letter, of the Author's first essay as an extemporary speaker, which is not chargeable upon the printer; but the Editor of the Letters would have done well to print only one of the statements. The hints to young preachers, will be found worthy of attention. Upon the whole, the volume, were it not for the exorbitant price put upon it, would deserve to obtain an extensive circulation.

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**Art. VIII. *Memoirs of the Life and Character of Mrs. Sarah Savage, Eldest daughter of the Rev. Philip Henry, A.M.*** By J. B. Williams. With a recommendatory Preface by the Rev. William Jay, of Bath, Second Edition. 12mo. pp. xxiv. 264. Price 5s. London. 1819.

**W**E have unintentionally suffered this valuable little work, to reach a second edition, without obtaining from us that notice which it deserves. No form in which religious instruction can be presented, has proved more efficient for the purpose of usefulness, than that description of memoir which most of our readers will recognise under the term *closet biography*.

The species of writing in which Mrs. Savage indulged, conformably to the prevailing practice of her day, has been, as Mr. Jay remarks, ‘abused and rendered ridiculous by its ‘minuteness and too frequent publication:’ but the daughter of Philip Henry, was a woman of no ordinary character; and these unstudied, undisguised representations of her private feelings, will be perused with a proportionate degree of interest, by that class of readers by whom alone such a volume as this can be appreciated. The few scattered memoranda relating to passing events, which occur in her diary, are particularly valuable as illustrating the spirit of the times. ‘Could the diaries ‘of Mrs. Savage’s times be explored,’ remarks Mr. Jay, ‘what a contrast would be found between the sentiments such

' worthies confessed before God in their most sacred moments and those charged upon them by their calumniating adversaries !' An extract remarkably in point, is given from Mrs. Savage's diary, bearing date 1663, May 29th.

' A thanksgiving day for the king's return ; a mercy in itself, for which the Lord be praised, though I, and many more suffer for it.'

Mrs. Savage was a conscientious and firm Nonconformist, but her attachment to those principles was united with that moderation of temper which is the general accompaniment of firmness and decision of sentiment, while it is as rarely attendant upon a spurious liberality. The following letter, addressed to a clergyman who had discovered a spirit of intolerance, reflects the highest credit upon her understanding and her feelings.

' DEAR SIR,

' I have long desired an opportunity of conversing with you, and I know not how to excuse my doing thus, since you are so obliging and easy of access, but only for privacy, especially as it becomes such as I in silence to learn. Yet, we are also commanded to be ready to give a reason of the hope that is in us, with meekness and fear. Therefore, you will pardon my boldness in thus expressing my thoughts. Women's tongues and pens sometimes claim a freedom, which men, who are more wise and reserved, will not use. It is (or may be thought) our unhappiness to differ from the Established Church in some lesser things, but while we agree in fundamentals, why should there be, among us, strife and envying ?

' The high charge we had yesterday from you, of *devilish pride, arrogance, &c.*, I cannot account light, especially from one who should stand in the place of God, to guide and direct us in the way to heaven. I think it invidious to judge men's hearts, which none but God can do. It cannot be in itself sinful to dissent from the church, else why did we cast off the yoke of Rome ?

' For my own part—I freely profess that I have seen so much sincere piety, fervent charity, and humility practised in those I have joined with, and found such solid peace and tranquillity in this way I have walked in, that, I trust, I shall never be either allured, or affrighted, from it. The name of schism (that ecclesiastical scarecrow) is industriously, though falsely thrown on us, as I have seen proved. But if it were true—who is in the fault? The imposers of things, themselves own to be unnecessary—or, us who dare not comply with them—yet desirous to sacrifice any thing to peace but truth? I must say, as any unprejudiced person will, that if the Nonconformists are mistaken, they are the most unhappy to exclude themselves from all that is desirable in the world, and expose themselves to poverty, scorn, and hatred. I must do them that justice to tell you, I never remember to have heard one public reflection from any of them upon the established church. I need not here enter into the merits of their cause, which hath so many better advocates; only I must take the freedom to express my resentments that we

have, sometimes, from your pulpit, such keen reflections as we can not bear, and as, I am sure, do no real good to any one. The great things of the Gospel—faith in Christ—repentance unto life—and new obedience—these are enough to spend our zeal about, as a worthy person writes. Our lives are short, our work great, our souls precious, heaven and hell real things, and all that must be done for eternity, must be done quickly, or it will be too late. Therefore, I am always glad to hear ministers insist on these great things. I was much affected, many years ago, with a sermon I wrote from you on those words—*Purifying to himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.* I wish you would preach, and pray, as you did then; yet, good Sir, excuse my freedom in thus giving vent to my thoughts. I think there is no family but ours in the parish, that are accounted dissenters; yet, you know, we are as true friends to you, and the church, as any in the parish, perhaps more than many who profess to be entire members of the church of England. As many of our family attend the ministry as most, or any of the like number; and it is to me sad that we should be censured, and worse thought of than them, than hundreds who absent themselves through ignorance and carelessness. It is well we are not to be each other's judges.

‘ Said my honoured father, when dying—“ Follow peace, and holiness, and let them say what they will.” This has been my sincere desire and endeavour. And I solemnly profess, I have not at all endeavoured to draw my children into the same way, otherwise than what my example might do, though some of them have taken pains to study those points, and are not presbyterians by chance, but of choice; for I desire they may not pin their faith to my sleeve, but choose for themselves, and, if they take this despised way, it is not because they know no other, but because they know no better.

‘ I have heard divers complain that you speak so low, they can scarce hear you, but I observed yesterday you could raise your voice. If I had foreseen our treatment, I believe my place had been empty. I know not how they will answer it who beat their fellow-servants, and cast stones instead of bread. I know not what the Church would have—they have all the profits, preferments, and advantages they can desire, yet, because our Governors take off the power to persecute, it avails nothing. But I am quite too tedious, and I crave your pardon, Sir, a thousand times, for my freedom with you. I truly respect your person and ministry, and pray for its success. I am satisfied you well know the great value of all souls, and the danger of most. This thought will quicken you to cry aloud, and shew your hearers their sin and duty before it be too late. What a blessed place is heaven, where there will be no divisions, or disturbances, for ever! To which glory He brings us who hath most dearly bought us with the inestimable price of his own blood. Amen.’ pp. 41—46.

The Editor of the present memoir informs us, that Mrs. Savage left in her own hand-writing a Diary of many volumes, commencing with the year 1788, and extending, with few intervals, to the period of her death. From this document the narrative has been compiled. The work is divided into sections, each of

which, according to the plan pursued by Mr. Orton, in his life of Dr. Doddridge, is devoted to the illustration of some particular feature of her character. In an ordinary memoir, this plan would be objectionable, as leading to unnecessary diffuseness and repetition, but a work of this nature is obviously not designed to be read through at a sitting: it is rather to be taken up at intervals, as the companion of a leisure hour, on which occasions, the sectional arrangement will be found the most convenient and impressive; and it comported best with the Editor's plan of selection.

It can hardly be necessary to give any further extracts, in order to justify our adding our hearty recommendation of these Memoirs, to the opinion expressed of the MSS. by the Rev. Mr. Jay, who professes indeed to have rendered himself in some measure responsible by his advice for its publication.

Mr. Williams has subjoined, in an appendix, an account of some other members of the Henry family, gathered from the manuscripts in his possession, and an interesting memoir of one of their most intimate friends, referred to in the Diary, the Rev. James Owen, drawn up principally from a scarce tract written by Dr. Charles Owen his brother. The religious public are under obligations to him for the volume with which he has furnished them.

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**Art. X. Extracts of Letters** on the object and connexions of the British and Foreign Bible Society, from the Rev. John Owen, A. M. during his late tour to France, and Switzerland, 8vo. pp. 46; London, 1819.

**A**LTHOUGH a publication of this description scarcely comes within the range of our critical notice, it contains matter of too much interest, and connects itself with the subject of some former articles too closely, to admit of our passing it over. Mr. Owen's primary object in this excursion, was the re-establishment of his health, but he travelled as the delegate of the Committee, and was constantly occupied with inquiries or exertions, bearing upon the promotion of the great cause to which he is devoted.

The establishment of a Protestant Bible Society at Paris, under the immediate sanction of the Government, was the first object which he was commissioned to afford his aid in accomplishing. The plan was arranged, and some preliminary steps had been taken, before he left that capital to prosecute his tour, and on his return, he found every thing ripe for a general meeting. It would not have been prudent for an individual from this country to appear very prominently in the formation of a society of this nature in France. Mr. Owen, however, had the satisfaction of obtaining an interview with the Duke de Richelieu,

and of receiving from his Grace the warmest assurances of friendship for the Society. The design has subsequently been carried into effect: a Bible Society has been formed in the capital of France, under the presidency of the Marquis de Jou-court, and with the sanction of the executive Government, from the operation of which there cannot fail to accrue the most important advantages.

Another most interesting undertaking which engaged Mr. Owen's attention at Paris, was the printing of the Turkish New Testament, which is going forward at the expense of the British and Foreign Bible Society, under the direction of Professor Kieffer. The laborious nature of the Professor's task, in editing this volume, is thus described.

' He transcribes every portion of the text with his own hand: and collates it, as he proceeds, with the original Greek: the English, German, and French versions; the Tartar versions of Seaman, and of the Scotch Missionaries at Karass; the Arabic, by the Propaganda, Erpenius, Sabat, and the London quarto; the Persian in the London Polyglott, and that by Martyn: availing himself also, throughout, of the assistance afforded by Parkhurst, Rosenmüller, and Griesbach. All these books of reference are disposed on the Professor's table, in such a manner as to enable him to consult them with the greatest order and convenience: and from the comprehensiveness of this plan, as well as from the exactness with which it is pursued, there is good reason to believe, that the work, when it comes out of the Professor's hands, will be as faithful and correct as it would be possible to render the first edition of a version of the Scriptures which has never before been published.'

The work is being printed in the *Imprimerie Royale*.

Mr. Owen speaks in terms of the highest admiration of the Professor's literary accomplishments, of his integrity of mind, and his urbanity of manners. Brief but interesting notices are given of some other distinguished foreigners; of M. Cuvier, the distinguished Geologist, a Protestant, a warm friend to the cause of popular education, and a Vice President of the Paris Bible Society; of Baron Silvestre de Sacy, who, though a Catholic, has publicly advocated the British and Foreign Bible Society in the *Journal des Scavans*; of the venerable Bishop Gregoire, the *Ami des Nois*, who has himself distributed very largely the New Testament by Maitre de Saey; of the Count d'Hauterive, and of Monsieur Remusat, Professor of the Chinese language in the Royal College.

On his way to Buch, the traveller passed through a village inhabited chiefly by Jews, among whom Professor Spleiss, in the neighbourhood of whose parish they reside, cheerfully engaged to distribute any number of copies of the Hebrew New Testament with which the Society should furnish him.

At Constance, Mr. Owen was enabled by personal inquiries, to ascertain the extent to which the distribution of the Holy Scriptures is proceeding among the Catholics. It appears that since the year 1807, at which time this distribution commenced, more than 30,000 of the Catholic New Testament have been put in circulation. The liberal contributions of Baron Von Wessenberg were of considerable aid in enabling the Society to make these extensive purchases. Many of the copies 'have found their way into the schools, (which are prospering abundantly in the Bishoprick,) and not a few into the convents themselves, in some of which a very favourable disposition to the reading of the Scriptures has been manifested.'

Mr. Owen met with a highly gratifying reception from the Pro-vicar Reinengen, the second ecclesiastic in the diocese.

'I found him a man of extensive learning, and profound thinking, simple manners, and warm and liberal piety. In the conversation with which he favoured me, the Pro-Vicar adverted, with high approbation, to the object of our Society, that of circulating the Scriptures without note or comment. He considered all the schisms which had taken place, to have arisen from the undue stress laid upon human interpretations. The recognition (he observed) of the pure word of God, as the unerring standard of truth, was a principle in which he most heartily concurred; and he was convinced, that it would, eventually, unite all the different denominations of Christians in one holy catholic church. Let the labourers in this glorious work be stedfast, and unmovable, and their cause must finally triumph. "I am" (he added) "a soldier of Christ, an aged weak instrument in his service; but, wherever I may be stationed, I shall endeavour to stand my ground in defending the gospel in its purity, and resisting to the last all attempts to impose upon me, as commandments of God, the traditions of men." Early on the following morning, I made him (with his permission) a second visit. In the course of our interview, (which lasted a considerable time,) the Pro-Vicar entertained me with a variety of observations, all characterized by acuteness of thought, and liberality of sentiment. He referred, with a mixture of respect for the victim, and indignation against his persecutors, to the illustrious John Huss. "The house in which you now are," (said this venerable ecclesiastic,) "is that in which John Huss was confined;" and, conducting us into an adjoining room, and throwing open the windows, he pointed, with much feeling, to the chamber which had been the prison of this martyr, and the spot on which he had been committed to the flames. He said, he saw Antichrist in every thing which opposed the doctrine of Christ, adding, that, for his part, the only question he put to a stranger, was, "Lovest thou the Lord Jesus Christ? If so, thou art my brother." He complained of the declension of his eye-sight, as occasioning a great impediment to his exertions; and said, that the last thing which he had written, (and which had cost him a considerable effort,) was, his testimony of approval and recommendation in favour of Leander Van Ess's New

Testament. On taking him by the hand, to bid him farewell, I asked the Pro-Vicar what message I should deliver from him to the Bible Society, on my return to London? "Sir," said he, after a short pause, "the Bible Society has deserved the gratitude of the world; and it has my most cordial wishes and prayers for its success;" and, pressing my hand, as I was retiring from him, he added, in a tone of emphatic tenderness, "*Wir sind eins,*" ("We are one.")

'I cannot conclude this brief account of my visit to Constance, without blessing God for having directed my steps thither, and opened for me access to persons so eminently qualified and disposed to give effect to my wishes. The friends of the Bible are both numerous and powerful in that city and neighbourhood. The Scriptures are not only thankfully received, but also anxiously applied for. Already (as I have stated) have more than 90,000 copies been distributed; the demands are increasing, both in the bishoprick, and among the Catholics supplied from it in other parts of Switzerland; and so highly is Leander Van Ess's last edition of his Testament, with large types, approved, that, should the 2000 copies which are expected be immediately received, it is confidently believed, that there would not remain, in the course of a day, a single copy which had not found its destination.

'There is, I must observe, in the aspect of Constance an air of stagnancy and desolation, which forcibly reminds one of the guilt it contracted, by having been the scene of the condemnation and martyrdom of the Bohemian Reformer. "Our city," said the good Pro-Vicar, "has never prospered since that crime was committed." Such, it seems, is also the common persuasion among the enlightened Catholics of the place. May we not cherish a hope, that the influence of this sentiment, assisted by the dissemination of the Holy Scriptures, may lead to a just veneration of those principles which distinguished this champion of truth, and for his adherence to which, even unto death, he has obtained a good report, and a memorial that never shall perish.'

The reader will be pleased with the brief notice which is given of that extraordinary and inestimable man, whose name must be familiar to every friend of the Bible Society, Leander Van Ess. The interview between him and our Secretary, took place casually at the town of Winterthur.

\* Leander Van Ess is now in the prime of life. He appears to be about forty years of age. His countenance is intelligent and manly; his conversation fluent and animated; and his whole manner partakes of that ardour and vivacious energy which so remarkably characterize all his writings and operations. The dissemination of the Scriptures, and the blessed effects with which it is attended, are the theme on which he delights to discourse; they seem to occupy his whole soul, and to constitute, in a manner, the element in which he exists. With what activity and vigilance he prosecutes this object, may be inferred from his having distributed, on his rapid journey from Marburg to Basle, 2,500 of his Testaments; and, while waiting the chance of my arrival at Zurich, made arrangements with the directors of the Com-

vents, and with other persons in the neighbourhood, for the distribution of several thousand more.

' When I considered the eminent qualifications of this illustrious Catholic, for the work in which he is engaged, the favourable state of the times for employing them to advantage, and, finally, the precariousness of present opportunities, and of a life so often endangered by exertions and exposure, I felt it my duty to encourage in the strongest manner, the efforts he is making to disperse the sacred oracles in those channels from which Protestants are naturally excluded.' p. 27.

At Zurich, Mr. Owen found the house which was once the residence of Zuingle, now in the possession of Antistes Hess, a distinguished advocate of the principles of the Reformation. In the largest room in this house, are held the periodical meetings of the Bible Society. At Basle, Mr. Owen presided at an extraordinary meeting of the Committee of the Basle Bible Society, at which he witnessed the animating spectacle of Lutherans and Calvinists, Episcopalian and Presbyterians, Protestants and Catholics, mingling in purest harmony. Professor Van Ess was among the number, and opposite to him 'sat a Catholic 'Dean of similar reputation, who has distributed the Scriptures 'very largely through the forty two parishes within his jurisdiction.' At Neufchatel, Mr. Owen found another Catholic priest, who had distributed a great number of Van Ess's New Testament, and who related several anecdotes in proof of the happy effects by which it had been attended.

Geneva, as it is a station of peculiar importance, so it presented difficulties in the way of our Traveller, of a peculiar nature. The readers of our Journal will have in recollection, the occurrences to which Mr. Owen alludes, as rendering his situation in this place, one of trying responsibility.\* The removal of Mr. Malan from his office of regent, or instructor of a class in the college, in consequence of his being charged with violating the regulations imposed by the Company of Pastors on the clergy of Geneva, took place on the very day that Mr. Owen entered that city. The spirit of party was already busy, and accounts not only of his designs, but of his proceedings, preceded his arrival at the scene in which those proceedings were reported to have taken place. He appears to have acquitted himself with firmness and prudence. A general meeting of the Geneva Bible Society was summoned, at which Mr. Owen vindicated the English Society from the misrepresentations so industriously circulated by some of the foreign journalists both in Germany and France, principally, as it should seem, on the ground of its being a *sectarian* institution. It

\* See Eclectic Review, Jan. 1818. Art. The *Geneva Catechism*. VOL. XII. N.S. I

was under this character, he found, that it would excite the most jealousy at Geneva; but when he appealed to the list of its patrons, and pointed to the names of bishops among that number, the good Presbyterians were satisfied. All over the Continent, *sectarianism* is the hydra-evil, which the established of all communions concur in holding in supreme abomination. Episcopilians and Presbyterians appear to have agreed upon a lasting truce; and even Catholic priests mingle with the clergy of heretical churches. At Geneva Socinianism does not disdain an alliance with professional orthodoxy. But Dissenters, in the strict sense of the word, as in countries nearer to us, are tolerated only by an excessive effort of comprehensive tolerance. Mr. Owen, however, was known to be not a Dissenter. He therefore gained admission to the pulpit of the English Church, and the Syndics, Calandrini and Turretini, did him the honour of attending there successively, on the Sundays on which he preached. Before he left Geneva, new arrangements were made, by which it was hoped the Bible Society of that city would prove a more effective auxiliary than it has been hitherto. On his return, he was overtaken at Paris by communications of the most satisfactory nature, from different parts, detailing the pleasing effects which had already been produced by his services.

These Letters present but a specimen of what is taking place on the Continent in reference to the distribution of the Holy Scriptures. But the sphere of the Society's foreign agency is far more extensive, and it is impossible to contemplate without admiration, the grandeur of the enterprise,—an enterprise, every step in the prosecution of which is so much achieved for the best interests of mankind, but the mightiest combination of human endeavours must fall indefinitely short of its perfect accomplishment. We congratulate Mr. Owen, most heartily, on the happiness he must incessantly derive from being devoted to so glorious a cause.

## ART. XI. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

\* \* Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige the Conductors of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, by sending Information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the Public, if consistent with its Plan.

Early in July will be published, some Account of the Life of lady Russell, by the editor of Mad. du Deffand's Letters, with letters from lady Russell to her husband, lord Russell; some Miscellaneous letters to and from lady Russell, &c. &c.

Shortly will be published, in post 12mo. Memoirs of Miss Caroline E. Sweet, who died in her 17th year, at Augusta Georgia. By Moses Waddel, D.D.

Mr. Bigland has in the press, Letters on Jewish History, for the use of schools, and young persons.

The Rev. Mark Wilks is preparing for publication, some Account of the present state of France, and of the late persecutions in the south.

Mr. Smyth, one of the Surveyors General of His Majesty's Customs, is preparing for publication, a new edition of his Practice of the Customs, to which will be added the new Consolidation Act, and other considerable improvements.

In the press, in a pocket-volume, printed by Corrall, and embellished with an engraving by Heath, from an original painting—*Museæ Biblicæ*—or the Poetry of the Bible. A selection of the most elegant poetical translations, paraphrases, and imitations of the sacred scriptures.

The Rev. Dr. Nares will soon publish, a volume of Sermons, preached before the University of Oxford, on the Three Creeds, the Trinity, and the Divinity of Christ.

Sr W. Adams has in the press, a Treatise on the Modes of restoring Vision, by the Formation of an Artificial Pupil.

Preparing for publication, The Life of Sir Christopher Wren, Knt. with a portrait from an original picture. This work in addition to other matter, will

contain the whole substance of the Parentalia, now become very scarce; and it is intended to add outlines from some of the original designs by Sir C. Wren, now in the library of All Souls College, Oxford.

The Rev. R. Warner will shortly publish, a Chronological History of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, from the compounded Texts of the Four Evangelists; or, the English Diatessaron; with a map of the Holy Land; explanatory notes; illustrations from late oriental trayellers and rabbinical writers; and preliminary articles of useful information, adapted to the use of families, schools, and young persons, entering on the study, or intended for the profession of divinity.

In the press, and speedily will be published, volume I. of a Treatise on Apoplexy, including Apoplexia Hydrocephalica, or Water in the Head; with an Introductory Account of the opinions of ancient and modern Physiologists, respecting the Nature and Uses of the Nervous System, read at the Royal College of Physicians, as the Croonian Lectures of the year 1819. By John Cooke, M.D. F.A.S. Fellow of the College of Physicians, and late Physician to the London Hospital.

In the press, and speedily will be published, The Spectator in a Stage Coach. .

In the press, Rosamond, Memory's Musings, and other Poems. By William Proctor.

Doctor Millar advances rapidly with his Encyclopedia Edmensis. The 12 parts he has published, are a favourable specimen of the work, and shew how much useful information may, by system and arrangement, be comprised in a small space.

In the course of a few days will be published, a work on Antinomianism.

By the Rev. Samuel Chase, A.M. late of Cambridge,—under the title of *Antinomianism Unmasked: being an Inquiry into the distinctive characteristics of the two dispensations of Law and Grace.* With a commendatory preface by the Rev. Robert Hall.

A Clergyman late of Oxford, having made a tour to Claremont with part of his family, is preparing the same for the press, with reflections suggested on the occasion, serving to illustrate the peculiar genius, character, and pursuits of the late illustrious and lamented princess Charlotte, designed for the improvement of the young.

The Rev. Joseph Hunter has nearly ready, in a crown folio volume, the History and Topography of the parish of Sheffield; with notices of the parishes of Ecclesfield, Hasworth, Treeton, and Whiston.

John Crawford, Esq. late British resident at the court of the Sultan of Java, is preparing a History of the Indian Archipelago, with illustrative engravings.

A new edition of Schleusner's Lexicon, is printing in a quarto volume, from an edition now in a forward state at press, on the continent.

The Greek is published of the Polyglott Grammar (in ten languages) by the Rev. F. Nolan, in which the genius of the principal ancient and modern languages is explained upon an uniform plan, and by a new and simple principle of analysis, applied to the improvements of the latest and most approved grammarians: four grammars, the Greek (as above,) and Latin of the ancient part, the French and Italian of the modern part are already published, and may be had separately.—The Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac, will appear next.

\* \* \* This work forms a grammatical apparatus to the Polyglot Bible and Common Prayer, publishing by Mr. Bagster.

Mr. J. N. Brewer is preparing an Historical and Descriptive Account of the most interesting Objects of Topography throughout the whole of Ireland, to accompany "The Beauties of England and Wales." This work will consist of two large volumes octavo, to be published in monthly numbers, illustrated with engravings from original drawings. In the prosecution of this undertaking, which has long been a desideratum in Topographical Literature, every principal place in Ireland will be per-

sonally inspected by the Author, and a correspondence is established with many of the most distinguished characters in that country. It may be reasonably expected that much curious novelty of intelligence will be disclosed in the Historical and Descriptive Account of Cities and Towns, Monastic and other Antiquities, so little known even to readers with whom less interesting parts of the British Empire, are familiar objects of topographical discussion.

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Mrs. Taylor, of Ongar, has in the press, the Family Mansion, a tale.

The English Gradus, or Synopsis of English poetry, on a plan nearly similar to the Latin Gradus, is in the press.

Mr. Partington is preparing an Historical Account of the London Institution, with engravings; to which will be prefixed, a Biographical Memoir of the late Professor Porson.

The Rev. M. Bland is printing, Geometrical Problems, deducible from the first six books of Euclid, arranged and solved; with an Appendix, containing the Elements of Plane Trigonometry.

Mr. Grieske will soon publish in German and English, an account of his eight years residence in Greenland, illustrated by charts and views.

Mr. John Chambers, author of the History of Malvern, is preparing Biographical Illustrations of the County of Worcester.

Walks in Ireland. By the late John Bernard Trotter, secretary to Mr. Fox, are preparing for publication.

Dialogues, Letters, and Observations, illustrative of the purity and consistency of the Doctrines of the Established Church will soon appear.

Dr. H. W. Carter is printing an account of some of the principal Hospitals of France, Italy, Switzerland, and the Netherlands; with remarks on the diseases of those countries.

Mr. Pye has nearly ready for publication, a Description of Modern Birmingham, emphatically called the Toyshop of Europe.

Thomas Hodgskin Esq. has in the press, in two octavo volumes, Travels in the North of Germany, describing the present state of the country, particularly in the kingdom of Hanover.

Dr. Harrington has in the press, an Extension of his Theory and Practice of Chemistry, elucidating all the phenomena, without one single anomaly.

The Rev. R. Ruding is printing an edition of his Annals of the Coinage of Britain, with additional plates and supplementary matter, in five octavo volumes, and a quarto volume.

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## Art. XII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

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#### ERRATA IN VOL. XI.

- Page 320, line 23 for St. Duen, *read* St. Ouen.
- 323, line 7 from bottom, *del* but.
- 328, line 4 for troops, *read* troop.
- 331, line 22 for desirable, *read* derivable.
- 333, line 9 *read* he had, *not* so far.
- 339, line 25 for sentiments have, *read* sentiment has.
- 344, line 18 for variety, *read* vanity.
- 392, line 13 *del* aiming at.